DEAR VARIETY.

Suited to all

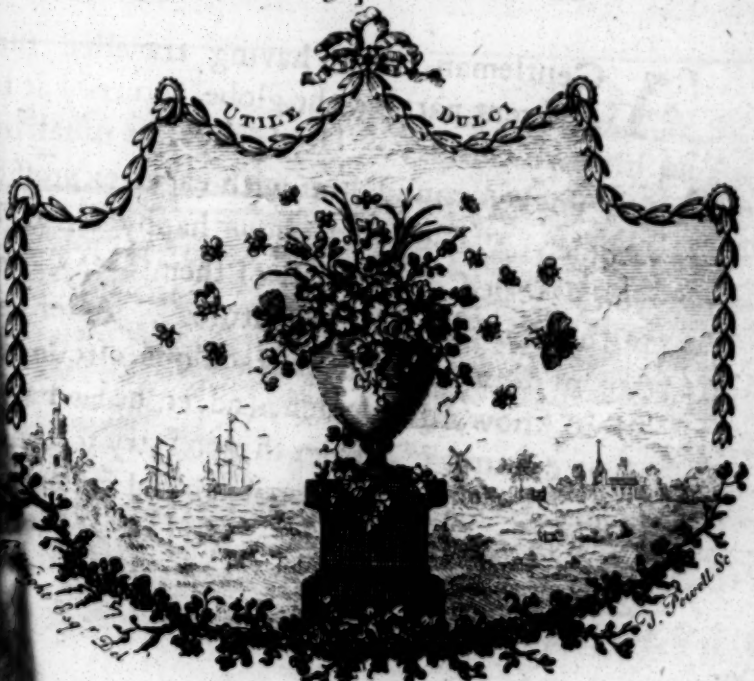
AGES and CONDITIONS

IN LIFE,

By G: WRIGHT Esq.r

Author of the Mirror.

Variety pleases all.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE enſuing compilation may be juſtly ſtiled Variety, *as it conſiſts of a* Variety *of extracts from* various *authors, upon* various *ſubjects; a* variety *of ſentiments from* various *publications, collected at* various *times, and will doubtleſs be peruſed by* various *readers.*

ERRATA.

Page 27, l. 4, *read* love and mercy.
181, l. 5, *read* he *instead of* hs.

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HELPS FOR SHORT MEMORIES;

OR

Maxims, Stories, Proverbial Sayings, &c.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Printed for A. MILNE, Nº 202, High-Holbourn.

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PREFACE.

PERSONS in general are fond of *Variety*, whither it reſpects food for the body, or entertainment for the mind; indeed it has been very juſtly obſerved that too great a ſameneſs even in our amuſements and recreations would ſoon render them inſipid and diſguſting, hence came the title of this compilation into being and is to this day more or leſs the purſuit of all—DEAR VARIETY.

Were the ſame diſhes continually to be brought to our tables; the ſame diverſions conſtantly preſented to our view; or the ſame books always the ſubjects of our peruſal, they would be moſt likely in a ſhort time to cloy our appetites, loſe their charms or weary out our attention; in proportion to their variety and difference in matter, taſte, and

and tendency, ſo they are moſt likely to pleaſe and entertain. Alas! life itſelf would be burdenſome and painful in its moſt alluring ſcenes, were it not for DEAR VARIETY*.

The following work, principally collected from periodical and fugitive publications, conſiſts of ſelect eſſays and obſervations on almoſt every ſubject that is inſtructing and entertaining, that may tend profitably to engage the thoughts, converſation or ſtudy of perſons of all ages and conditions in life, and therefore may with no little propriety be entitled by the *Man of Reading*, DEAR VARIETY.

* What makes life agreeable and tends to promote our happineſs and give a double reliſh to our pleaſures and enjoyments, muſt be dear to us; *Variety* does theſe, and therefore may fitly be ſtiled DEAR VARIETY.

G. W.

Hampſtead, Oct. 22.

DEAR VARIETY,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

Religion's ALL! ——————
The Goddeſs in her Left, holds out *this* World,
And in her Right, the *next*.

RELIGION prepares the mind for encountering, with fortitude, the moſt ſevere ſhocks of adverſity and diſtreſs; but vice, by its natural influence on the temper, tends to produce dejection under the ſlighteſt trials. While worldly men enlarge their poſſeſſions, and extend their connections, they imagine they are ſtrengthening themſelves againſt all the poſſible viciſſitudes of life. They ſay in their hearts, *My mountain ſtands ſtrong, and I ſhall never be moved.* But ſo fatal is their deluſion, that, inſtead of ſtrengthening, they are weakening that which only can ſupport them when their viciſſitudes arrive. It is their *mind* which muſt then ſupport them; and their mind, by their ſenſual attachments, is corrupted and en-

feebled. Indulging too great a fondneſs for the pleaſures of the world, they incur two great and certain evils; they both exclude themſelves from every reſource except the world, and they encreaſe their ſenſibility to every blow which comes upon them from that quarter.

They have neither principles nor temper which can ſtand the aſſault of trouble. They have no principles which lead them to look beyond the ordinary rotation of events; and therefore, when misfortunes involve them, the proſpect muſt be comfortleſs on every ſide. Their crimes have diſqualified them for looking up to the aſſiſtance of any higher power than their own ability, or for relying on any better guide than their own wiſdom. And as from principle they can derive no ſupport, ſo in a temper corrupted by proſperity they find no relief. They have loſt that moderation of mind which enables a wiſe man to accommodate himſelf to his ſituation. Long fed with falſe hopes, they are exaſperated and ſtung by every diſappointment. Luxurious and effeminate, they can bear no uneaſineſs. Proud and preſumptuous, they can brook no oppoſition. By nouriſhing diſpoſitions which ſo little ſuit this uncertain ſtate, they have infuſed a double portion of bitterneſs into the cup of woe; they have ſharpened the edge of that ſword which is lifted up to ſmite them. Strangers to all the temperate ſatisfaction of a good and a pure mind; ſtrangers to every pleaſure, except what was ſeaſoned by vice or vanity, their adverſity is to the laſt degree unſupportable. Health and opulence were the

pillars

pillars on which they reſted. Shake either of them, and their whole edifice of hope and comfort falls. Proſtrate and forlorn, they are left on the ground; obliged to join with the man of Ephraim in his abject lamentation, *They have taken away my gods, which I have made, and what have I more?* Such are the cauſes to which we muſt aſcribe the broken ſpirits, the peeviſh temper, and impatient paſſions, that ſo often attend declining age, or the falling fortunes of vicious men.

RELIGION affords to good men peculiar ſecurity in the enjoyment of their proſperity. One of the firſt reflections which muſt ſtrike every thinking man, after his ſituation in the world has become agreeable, is, That the continuance of ſuch a ſituation is moſt uncertain. From a variety of cauſes he lies open to change. On many ſides he ſees that he may be pierced; and the wider his comforts extend, the broader is the mark which he ſpreads for the arrows of misfortune. Hence many a ſecret alarm to the reflecting mind; and to thoſe who reject all ſuch alarms, the real danger increaſes, in proportion to their improvident ſecurity.

By worldly aſſiſtance it is vain to think of providing any effectual defence, ſeeing the world's mutability is the very cauſe of our trouble. It is from a higher principle, from a power ſuperior to the world, that relief muſt be ſought, amidſt ſuch diſquietudes of the heart. He who in his proſperity can look up to One who is witneſs to his moderation, humanity, and charity; he who can appeal to Heaven, that he has not been elated by pride,

nor overcome by pleaſure, but has ſtudied to employ its gifts to the honour of the giver; this man, if there be any truth in religion, if there be any benignity or goodneſs in the adminiſtration of the univerſe, has juſt cauſe for encouragement and hope. Not that an intereſt in the Divine grace will perpetuate to a good man, more than to others, a life of unruffled proſperity. Change and alteration form the very eſſence of this world. But let the world change around him at pleaſure, he has ground to hope that it ſhall not be able to make him unhappy. Whatever may vary, God's providence is ſtill the ſame; and his love to the righteous remains unalterable. If it ſhall be the Divine will to remove one comfort, he truſts that ſome other ſhall be given. Whatever is given, or whatever is taken away, he confides, that in the laſt reſult, all *ſhall work together for his good.*

Hence he is not diſturbed, like bad men, by the inſtability of the world. Dangers, which overcome others, ſhake not his more ſteady mind. He enjoys the pleaſures of life pure and unallayed, becauſe he enjoys them, as long as they laſt, without anxious terrors. They are not his *all*, his *only* good. He welcomes them when they arrive; and when they paſs away he can eye them, as they depart, without agony or deſpair. His proſperity ſtrikes a deeper and firmer root than that of the ungodly. And for this reaſon he is compared, in the text, to a *tree planted by the rivers of water*; a tree, whoſe branches the tempeſt may indeed bend, but whoſe roots it cannot touch; a tree, which may occaſionally be ſtripped of its leaves and bloſſoms, but

but which ſtill maintains its place, and in due ſeaſon flouriſhes anew. Whereas the ſinner, in his proſperity, according to the illuſion in the book of Job, reſembles *the ruſh that groweth up in the mire*; a ſlender reed, that may flouriſh green for a while by the ſide of the brook, as long as it is cheriſhed by the ſun, and fanned by the breeze; till the firſt ſtormy blaſt breaks its feeble ſtem, roots it out from its bed, and lays it in the duſt. Lo! ſuch is the proſperity *of them that forget God; and thus their hope ſhall periſh.*

The principles of true Religion undoubtedly demand our regard, on account of their native excellence and bliſsful effects. The devout character includes in it ſuch a ſenſe of the power, goodneſs, and wiſdom of God, of his government and ſupreme authority, of our entire dependance on him, of his inſpection of our conduct, of his numberleſs benefits and overflowing mercy as effectually ſways the ſoul to the fear and love of its Creator and benefactor, to a willing ſubjection to his authority, to an ardent deſire of his favor, and a full reſignation to his diſpoſals, mingled with humble truſt, and with the animating proſpects of a future ſtate. This in general is true piety, and theſe are its natural effects—external worſhip and obedience flowing from ſuch ſentiments. This is the ſervice, the reaſonable ſervice, which God requires of man.

THE

HAPPINESS

Attendant on a

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

RELIGION opens the mind, enlarges our proſpects of future bliſs, and in an holy tranſport of ſoul, carries it on the wings of faith to the ever blooming fields of happineſs, above all created enjoyments. She exhibits this world in its true colours, ſtript of its deluſive veil, and delineates that beyond the grave in its genuine grandeur.

The pleaſures which religion offers are founded on a rock whoſe foundations can never be removed; while thoſe exhibited by vice, are built on the fluctuating quick-ſand of wavering opinion. Religion is an inexhauſtleſs ſource of comfort to all in whoſe breaſt ſhe ſways her golden ſceptre: and hence it is that theſe are ſo chearful, even when pre-

precarious fortune denies her ſmiles, or diſappointments biaſt the buds of their moſt ſanguine expectations. Theſe look upon worldly riches with frigid indifference, and in their native deformity, as deluſive enjoyments, whoſe total ſum amounts to no more than vexation, diſappointments, and remorſe. Theſe glory in being poſſeſſed of riches infinitely ſuperior to all the pageantry of ſtate, or the fleeting glories of an earthly crown; the unſearchable riches of their redeeming Saviour, whoſe amount archangels cannot ſum.

Nor will their happineſs vaniſh, or be leſſened, when the ſoul is quitting this tenement of clay. On the contrary, they are of all mankind moſt happy, and meet death with compoſure and ſatisfaction. Their faith ſupports them in the agonies of death, and throws a mantle over all its horrors; before this period they ſaw their bliſs through the veil of mortality; but this being now withdrawn, it beams in full radiance on the deathleſs ſoul. Thus they triumph in the hour of death, and their heart exults as the proſpects open on their view. Like ſome traveller who has long wandered in foreign climes, when he at length, in ſome happy bark, reviſits his native ſhore, his breaſt is filled with rapture, and his heart exults for joy. Such, nay infinitely more, is the joy which pervades the chriſtian's ſoul, when ſhe ſoars from the ſcenes of mortality to the regions of light, there to baſk for ever in the radiance of cœleſtial day; there to drink of the rivers of pleaſure, which gently glide through the heavenly Eden; where, according to St Paul's emphatic diction, they will 'be filled with all the fulneſs of God.'

At the general diſſolution of this ſcene of things the righteous man ſhall ſtand ſecure amidſt the ruin of falling worlds, and look without emotion on the flaming orbs dancing in wild confuſion. For behold the judge approaches, arrayed in majeſty, attended with a flaming guard of angelic hoſts, to conduct them to the ſuperb palace of the King of kings, with gladneſs and rejoicing. And ſure the conſideration of ſuch glorious days being in reſerve, may chear the heart of every religious perſon while he continues in this dreary vale of tears.

But we muſt leave this pleaſing topic, and conſider the unhappineſs of the irreligious, the more mournful part of our ſubject. Theſe make a mock of chriſtianity, and look upon its votaries as ignorant of the value or enjoyments of life: theſe doubtleſs are in purſuit of pleaſure, but ſhe eludes their hopes, and baffles their ſanguine expectations; for what they enjoy in the ways of ſin, is ſo far below the dignity of a rational being, that it doth not deſerve the name of pleaſure. Yet ſo egregious is their ſtupidity, that they barter for idle toys, the pure and refined, the true and immortal joys of a pious and virtuous life; theſe never cloy nor ever decay, but, on the contrary, receive new luſtre, and continual improvement, from familiarity, from recollection, nay, even from accident, from age, and from affliction itſelf.

Allow me therefore, in the moſt tender and earneſt manner, to expoſtulate with you, who daily tread in the thorny paths of vice, which terminate in miſery and woe, and enquire if you find any happi-

happineſs, and real ſatisfaction, in ſuch deſtructive courſes? Why will you not ingenuouſly review the part you have acted? Why, like the timid hare at the approach of the hunter, do ye fly from retirement, and ſelf-inſpection, to company and diverſions? Lay your hand on your heart, and anſwer me ingenuouſly: Is it not the bitter remembrance of theſe vicious practices that you vainly endeavour to avoid by this expedient? You know it is. Surely that deſerves not the name of pleaſure or happineſs, which reaſon cannot but condemn, and conſcience refuſes to approve.

Let me conjure you, ye mortals, whoſe life is a continual ſcene of merriment and debauchery, carried away with every gale of irregular paſſion, to tell me if you really have any true delight in theſe voluptuous courſes? If you anſwer in the affirmative, let me aſk, why are you ſo deſirous of flying from the light of the ſun, and the eye of virtue, to perpetrate theſe irregular actions in the midnight gloom? If your works are truly honourable, why afraid leſt they be made manifeſt? Or can ye with tranquility and approbation of mind reflect upon your nocturnal debaucheries? Surely the reverſe, unleſs conſcience, the vicegerant of the Almighty, is entirely ſtifled with the fumes of paſſion, and given up (to ſpeak in the language of inſpiration) "to a reprobate mind, to work all uncleanneſs with greedineſs."

Permit me, ye whoſe days are one perpetual round of vice and folly, to enquire whence that melancholly ſprings which ſeizes on your ſpirits in

your more ſober moments? Happy if it proceeds from the rebukes of your wounded ſpirit. If this be the caſe, you would do well to remember that the time you ſpend in this profligate manner, becomes an evidence againſt you in the court of heaven.

May I now addreſs myſelf to you, whoſe only aim is to procure the riches of this world. But ſurely happineſs is far from being found in the enjoyment of wealth. As an infant looking into a mirror, ſtands amazed, when it cannot tell the image it ſo plainly beholds; ſo you only ſee the repreſentation of happineſs. Her deluſive ſhade alone is reflected from the glittering particles of the ore. Remember that riches can afford you no relief at the hour of death: that tyrant diſdains a bribe, nor is money current in the confines of eternity. Strive therefore to acquire ſuch as death himſelf cannot take from you; but will make you eternally happy.

Nor theſe alone, a multitude of other vices now walk the ſtreets with open face. But whence all this tide of vice, that has broken in upon our iſle, ſo famous through the world for religion; ſo highly favored of heaven with ſuch ſucceſs continually attending the operations of our fleets and armies, ſo clearly illuminated with the ſacred light of the goſpel?—Its throne decorated with ſuch an aſſemblage of royal and chriſtian virtues, royal examplars to their ſubjects, and governed by a ſyſtem of laws calculated to promote the intereſt of virtue, and ſuppreſs irreligion? When all theſe bleſſings are conſidered, we muſt ſurely grant vice is attended with circumſtances of the moſt aggravated nature.

If

If we viſit, in their laſt moments, thoſe who have all their days walked in the paths of vice, how ſhall we find their language and ſentiments altered! Then we ſhall hear them condemn what they once approved; wiſh, but alas! in vain, for an opportunity of repairing their ſhattered bark, thrown by the whirlpool of vice on the rocks of deſtruction, and expecting every moment to be ſwallowed by the gulph of perdition: for as the poet very juſtly obſerves,

Such are the ways of ſin,
Such the inheritance of the irreligious.

We may therefore conclude, that the *virtuous* have by far the advantage of the *impious*, both in this world and in the next; eſpecially in the latter, where they enjoy eternal happineſs, and "*ſhine forth as the ſun in the kingdom of their heavenly Father.*"

ADVICE TO YOUNG PERSONS

ON THEIR

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.

Timor dei principium ſapientiæ.

FIRST I would recommend *Piety to the Deity.* With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a diſpoſition particularly graceful and becoming in *youth.* To be void of it, argues a cold heart, deſtitute of ſome of the beſt affections which belong to that tender age. Youth is the ſeaſon of warm and generous emotions. The heart ſhould then, ſpontaneouſly, riſe into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs, benevolence, and goodneſs. Where can any object be found ſo proper to kindle thoſe affections, as the great Father of the univerſe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majeſty

majeſty, which his works every where diſplay? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profuſion of good, which, in this pleaſing ſeaſon of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of thoſe with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inſpirer of all the friendſhip which has ever been ſhown you by others; himſelf your beſt, and your *firſt* friend; formerly, the ſupporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your ripening years. View religious homage, as a natural expreſſion of gratitude to him for all his goodneſs. Conſider it as the ſervice of the *God of your fathers*; of him, to whom your parents devoted you: of him, whom in former ages your anceſtors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded, and bleſſed in Heaven. Connected with ſo many tender ſenſibilities of ſoul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offſpring of ſpeculation, but the warm and vigorous dictates of the heart.

But though piety chiefly belongs to the heart, yet the aid of the underſtanding is requiſite, to give a proper direction to the devout affections. You muſt endeavour, therefore, to acquire juſt views, both of the great principles of natural religion, and of the peculiar doctrines of the goſpel. For this end ſtudy the SACRED SCRIPTURES. Conſult the word of GOD, more than the ſyſtems of men, if you would know the truth in its native purity. When upon rational and ſober enquiry, you have eſtabliſhed your principles, ſuffer them not to be ſha-

ken

ken by the ſcoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the ſceptic. Remember, that in the examination of every great and comprehenſive plan, ſuch as that of Chriſtianity, difficulties may be expected to occur; and that reaſonable evidence is not to be rejected, becauſe the nature of our preſent ſtate allows us only to *know in part, and to ſee, as through a glaſs, darkly.*

Impreſs your minds with a becoming reverence for all that is ſacred: Let no wantonneſs of youthful ſpirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into prophane ſallies. Beſides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulence and preſumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Inſtead of being an evidence of ſuperior underſtanding, it diſcovers a pert and ſhallow mind; which, vain with the firſt ſmatterings of knowledge, preſumes to make light of what the reſt of mankind revere.

At the ſame time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and ſolemn in your manners than others of the ſame years, or to erect yourſelves into ſupercilious reprovers of thoſe around you. The ſpirit of true religion breathes gentleneſs and affability. It gives a native, unaffected eaſe to the behaviour. It is ſocial, kind and chearful: far removed from that gloomy and illiberal ſuperſtition which clouds the brow, ſharpens the temper, dejects the ſpirits, and teaches men to fit themſelves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary,

trary, connect preparation for Heaven, with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Let it be associated in your imagination, with all that is manly and useful; *with whatsoever things are true, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report*, wherever there is *any virtue*, and wherever there is *any praise*. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

To piety, join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependenee and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your own hands, but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs, which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions

nitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous ſuggeſtions of age. Too wiſe to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be reſtrained, they plunge with precipitant indiſcretion, into the midſt of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Seeſt thou a* young *man wiſe in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.* Poſitive as you now are in your own opinions, and confident in your aſſertions, be aſſured, that the time will approach, when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will, by and by, ſink in your eſteem; and many opinions, of which you are at preſent moſt tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Diſtruſt, therefore, that glare of youthful preſumption, which dazzles your eyes. Abound not in your own ſelf-conceit. Put not yourſelves forward with too much eagerneſs; nor imagine, that by the impetuoſity of juvenile ardour, you can overturn ſyſtems which have been long eſtabliſhed, or change the face of the world. *Learn not to think more highly of yourſelves than you ought to think, but to think ſoberly.* By patient and gradual progreſſion in improvement, you may, in due time, command laſting eſteem. But by aſſuming, at preſent, a tone of ſuperiority, to which you have no title, you will diſguſt thoſe whoſe approbation it is moſt important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to be the companions of an idle hour, but more ſolid qualities muſt recommend you to the wiſe, and mark you out for importance and conſideration in future life.

THE BENEFITS OF RETIREMENT.

Solitude ſometimes is beſt Society.

RETIREMENT is the friend of contemplation, and the parent of ſcience; it obliges the world it ſhuns, and while it benefits mankind, is the indulgence of individuals. Ingenuity fortified with independance, he who in the words of *Horace*, has the *Bona Librorum, et proviſo frugis in ovum copia*, can retire with ſucceſs and ſecurity, can command the diſtance of undeſired objects, be acceſſible only at the hour of relaxation, can ſee thoſe friends, and read thoſe books which pleaſe, and unmoleſted turn over ancient or modern authors, *Nocturna Manu et Diurna.* Retirement, nevertheleſs, like many other bleſſings, is more coveted than enjoyed, and thouſands who by their ſituation are qualified liberally to partake of it, are from inſenſibility of its value, or the ſuperior eſtimation of other ſuppoſed means of happineſs, incapable of its reliſh: their liberty, however, is unabridged, the world is open to receive them, and the

the various pleaſures of it are prepared for their entertainment.

It is not within the compaſs of my deſign, to determine, was I able, whether he who chuſes ſolitude, or courts ſociety, is likely to be the happieſt or beſt man. I am not now ſo much concerned about the rectitude of the judgment, as the freedom of the will; and he, who can uncontrouled, indulge his inclinations, has ſo far my congratulations, whatever becomes of my applauſe.

Let the men of ſpeculation and buſineſs, determine differently for the cloiſter and court; Alexander and Diogenes will propably find their reſpective advocates, preferring, as their taſte may incline, a life in a tumult, or a life in a tub.

But to return. It muſt be confeſſed, indeed, that the liſt of thoſe is very numerous who can ſcarcely be ſaid to have a will of their own: who, through want and dependance, are doomed to daily employment; whoſe neceſſary labour of the body ſuperſedes that of the mind, and renders retirement equally impoſſible with abſtinence from food. But even to theſe how well adapted is their ſtation, or rather what a propenſity is there in human nature, patiently to acquieſce with the unavoidable inconveniencies of the life ordained for it; the improbability of attainment always weakens, and often totally deſtroys the deſire of an object. The mechanic thus, who is conſtrained by poverty, or the fear of it, to manual toil habitually reconciles himſelf to it, and its difficulties; while the charms of diſtant

tant and unapproachable advantages, feebly affect his ſenſe, ſuffering his inclinations gradually to deſcend to a level with his opportunities. The *Croſſa Manus* and *Minerva*, will be proportionately produced; the want of books and time, therefore, will not only put a negative on his reading and ſtudious retirement, but alſo on his taſte for them; and he will become diſpoſed to conſider them as the priviledges of thoſe of a more exalted rank, whoſe talents of wealth and genius, exempt them from labour, and qualify them for thinking.

But there are not a few in the world, who, neither lords nor ſlaves, are unbleſſed with the power of the firſt, and not content with the latter; who are no more capable of indulging, than ſuppreſſing their wiſhes for tranquillity and improvement; who are ſo unhappily circumſtanced, as to have their intellectual repaſt continually in proſpect, but never in poſſeſſion; and who, by that intercourſe with mankind, which their ſtation requires, and which has a natural tendency to keep ſafety from retirement, are ſubject to much adventitious moleſtation from ignorance, idleneſs, ſeeming civility, or real effrontery; and retarded in their literary purſuits, by a multitude of ſuperfluous and perplexing impediments; their opportunities but juſt precede diſappointments; and, like performers on the ſtage, they appear to be employed in reading or writing, with the conſciouſneſs of approaching interruption. Happy indeed would it be for the ſolitary could the alluſion be continued, by ſuppoſing ſuch interruption in the leaſt conduſive to the main deſign

ſign of their lives. It is certainly a misfortune to a man of a ſtudious diſpoſition, to be ever open to the admiſſion of thoſe with whom he has the ſlighteſt or no connection, to be perpetually diſturbed in the pleaſures of retirement by thoſe who cannot exchange them for better, and be compelled to the offices of friendſhip, where thoſe of humanity alone can reaſonably be required. But ſo it is, that perſons of moderate fortunes, like unfortified towns, are expoſed to the levy of heavy contributions; any contemptible party can alarm at diſcretion, can, without beſieging or beſeeching, as MILTON has it, unceremoniouſly enter their defenceleſs dwellings, and with the moſt licentious outrage, force the ſilent apartment of every contemplative Archimedes. Yet, ſurely, theſe viſitants of violence, from whatever motive they are troubleſome, want admoniſhment to a degree of decency, not by unſeaſonable intruſion to ſuſpend a recreation they cannot participate, or obſtruct that intelligence they cannot impart. It may be objected here, ſhall we be cold to our friends, or indolent in buſineſs, for the ſelfiſh purpoſe of retirement? No! he who is not prepared for the chearful reception of them, and the duties of his vocation, ſhould, conſonant to the advice of an old woman to a great Prince, on occaſion of his declining to do what was juſt, reſign his profeſſions. But, at the ſame time, let us not confound triflers with agreeable companions, nor needleſs with neceſſary employments.

Lord BACON has obſerved, that even friends are *furtes temporis*, they pilfer from us much of this valuable

luable property; but, in their behalf, it muſt be allowed, that, like Spartan artiſts, they ſteal with inimitable dexterity, they ſubſtitute a pleaſing admiration of themſelves as an equivalent for our loſs, and if they deceive they delight us too. Now, if friends are the leaſt deſerving of the above character, in what manner muſt they affect our time, who are neutral and exceptionable? Do they ſteal it? No! they have not ſufficient management and addreſs to do that, their hocus pocus is too groſs to paſs, and amuſement is over when the bungler is detected. An hour, indeed, might ſometimes be reſigned to diſpoſitions directly oppoſite, or heterogeneous to our own, could compoſure take place till that hour was elapſed; but they generally provoke too much for ſleep, they annoy more than lull, and inſtead of cheating us of time, they imbitter the poſſeſſion, and thereby, in effect, prolong the duration of it.

ON

MIRTH

AND

CHEARFULNESS.

Be Merry and Wiſe.

MIRTH and chearfulneſs are the ſubjects I mean to handle in the following eſſay. —Mirth is ſhort and tranſcient, chearfulneſs is fix'd and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that

that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred perſon, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among the Chriſtians. If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great author of our being it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal them.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence

influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearfulſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards men.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenneſs and tranquility of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is in many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean disbelief of a ſupreme being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever title it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect

of

of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a GOD ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration,

and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, magnanimity and chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive or expreſs.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him, as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his per-

perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love ar mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure to us this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to, when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us; to which I may add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to worſhip and adore.

A SOLILOQUY ON GAMING.

READING ſome little time ago, how much a certain Nobleman loſt at one ſitting, I was greatly ſurprized at the largeneſs of the ſum, and broke out into the following ſoliloquy.

How many deſerving perſons are there in the world, who, had they poſſeſt but one third of what this Nobleman loſt in one evening, would be not only happy in themſelves, but endeavouring, as far as lay in their power, to make all around them ſo! Far be it from me, a poor ignorant ſhort ſighted mortal, to arraign the Moſt High in his dealings with his creatures; but ſay, O man! wherefore are the gifts of Heaven thus ſlighted and abuſed by thoſe on whom they are beſtowed? wherefore is the goodneſs of GOD thus turned into wantonneſs, and made the means of the final ruin of thoſe, to whom it is diſplayed in ſuch an ample and abundant manner? O, the exuberant riches of the all-wiſe Donor's grace, and the ſtupidity and ingratitude

tude of the profligate receivers!—Well might a late celebrated Writer exclaim

Ah how unjuſt to nature and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs thankleſs inconſiſtent man.

The ſinfulneſs of gaming how great, and the wickedneſs of gameſters how attrocious! What numerous ills have not been done by gaming? In whoſe malignant train are anger, hatred, malice, and revenge; on whoſe dire ſteps unnumber'd crimes attend, whilſt murder and deſtruction wait to cloſe the tragic ſcene.

Think, O think, ye great and noble among men, who ſhare ſo largely in the bounty and munificence of the great Creator; while ye are idly or rather *impiouſly* employed in venturing thouſands on a card, how many worthy objects are mourning in privacy the want of bread; reflect ye rich and affluent, what good ye are capable of doing to your fellow-creatures in diſtreſs, look on yourſelves in the true light in which ye ſtand, as the *Almoners* of the King of Kings and faithfully diſtribute to the poor even as ye have received, *liberally*: thus ſhall ye recommend yourſelves to the approbation of Jehovah, and gain the bleſſing of many, who are (it may be) *living* monuments of your well timed generoſity. How far ſuperior muſt the ſatisfaction and pleaſure, ariſing in the mind from ſuch commendable actions, be, to the vexation, diſ-

quietude, and anxiety, naturally ariſing from gaming and licentiouſneſs.

But oh, how loſt to every ſentiment of pity, gratitude, and humanity, are the high and mighty of the earth! how hard and unfeeling of another's woe, how intoxicated with the pleaſures of ſenſe, and overwhelmed in the purſuits of luxury and diſſipation; as Mr. Thompſon, in his Poem on the Winter, ſays, with too much truth.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot, waſte;
Ah! little think they while they dance along
How many feel this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - Sore pierc'd by wintry winds
How many ſhrunk into the ſordid hut,
Of cheerleſs Poverty. - - - - -
- - - - Thought, fond man,
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life
One ſcene of toil of ſuffering and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rabbling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh:

And

And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

I fear, I have exceeded the bounds of your Paper or I could ſay much more not only on the ridiculouſneſs, the folly and complicated evils of gaming, but how contrary it is to the will of Him, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

Preferable to all

OTHER KNOWLEDGE.

Noſce teipſum.

THE viſible world affords a large and noble field for contemplation. Here the greateſt geniuſes may employ themſelves with pleaſure and advantage. To underſtand the laws by which the ſolar ſyſtem is governed; to ſee the beauty, harmony, and order of its conſtituent parts amidſt their variety; to underſtand the mechaniſm of animal bodies, and the laws of vegetation; and be able to follow the traces of infinite wiſdom and power through the various parts of creation, are acquirements of a pleaſing nature. And the man who is poſſeſſed of them, not only is happy in that ſelf-complacence, which ſuch knowledge always carries along with it in reaſonable beings; and is accounted wiſe and deſerving by the reſt of mankind; which alone are ſufficient to recommend a ſtudy of theſe things; but it may be further added, in commendation thereof, that the better and more extenſive acquaintance men enjoy with the works of creation, the juſter will their notions be of DEITY, and

and the more enlarged their views of infinite perfection. And it may be ſaid in honour of this branch of philoſophy, that it has given a fatal blow to *Atheiſm*: and if it were duly improved, would put a final period to all thoſe abſurd and irreverent notions of GOD which fooliſh men have entertained.

Much might be ſaid in commendation of other branches of knowledge: and to write an eſſay upon each of them, might be acceptable to the philoſopher, the merchant, or the mechanic. But while theſe diſtinct branches of knowledge are uſeful to particular men, to whoſe reſpective profeſſions and buſineſs in life that particular kind of knowledge is either neceſſary or beneficial; there is another kind of knowledge which is of univerſal uſe and importance; and that is *the knowledge of ourſelves*.

To be acquainted with his own character and conſtitution; to underſtand his diſpoſitions and temper; to have clear views of his extenſive capacity; and of the endowments and properties of his mind, muſt be of great importance to every man's happineſs. Without ſuch an acquaintance, he cannot be ſuppoſed to have any rational knowledge, either of the nature of his ſupreme happineſs, or the proper meaſures of arriving at the poſſeſſion thereof: but when he truly knows himſelf, he muſt have the fulleſt and cleareſt views of that exalted honour and glory, for the poſſeſſion whereof he has a capacity; of the proper meaſures to ſecure them

to himſelf; and will find the ſtrongeſt reaſon for purſuing theſe methods with the greateſt diligence, and moſt ſteady reſolution.

No man has ſo much reaſon to be concerned about other perſons or things, as about himſelf: or to be ſo ſollicitous about the happineſs and well-being of others, as his own: and therefore it ſeems to be a part of true wiſdom, for every man to attain that *ſelf-knowledge*, without which he cannot underſtand his true intereſt; or if he did, cannot purſue it with any aſſurances of ſucceſs.

The advantages of *ſelf-knowledge* may be repreſented in the following manner. Men in general are deſirous of being accounted wiſe; and it would be well for every man in particular, and for the world in general, if they were ambitious of giving this certain, this indiſputable mark of *true* wiſdom: for if this was the caſe, inſtead of vice, which many practiſe to their own diſhonour, and to the ruin of other men's happineſs, every man would, with an uniform diligence, purſue virtue, whoſe attendants are peace, joy, and comfort. Inſtead of war, and the ruinous diſcord of nations, the Kings and Rulers of the earth would find it more to their honour, and more conducive to their true intereſt, to cheriſh and promote peace, harmony, and concord; and would rather chuſe to be looked upon and loved as the fathers of their people, than honoured as heroes and conquerors; but, at the ſame time, be hated and

and feared as the tyrants, ſcourges, and plagues of the world. The man who now is covetous, and makes the acquiſition of wealth his conſtant care and ſtudy: who can ſee the miſerable, the poor and needy, crave his aſſiſtance, without any feelings of generous pity; and ſhut up his ears againſt their cries, and his hands from giving relief: who can himſelf become an oppreſſor, and reduce whole families to ruin, without any conſideration of their unhappy caſe, or any determined reſolutions to forbear thoſe advantages which human laws have given him over them, though thereby he could preſerve them from miſery; would ſee it his real intereſt to be kind, generous, and compaſſionate, and not to love and eſteem riches, otherwiſe than as neceſſary to his own ſupport in life; or as the poſſeſſion of them might enable him to do good to others, by relieving their diſtreſs, adminiſtring to their comfort, or rewarding their virtue and goodneſs. The ambitious man who thinks to advance himſelf, by the ignoble, the vile, and deteſtable arts of hypocriſy and diſſimulation; and who makes bribes, flattery, and vicious applauſe, the ſteps to grandeur and preferment; would only ſtrive for this advancement by dignity of action, and the demonſtrative proofs of worth which ariſe from juſtice, humanity, benevolence, or the other virtues and excellences more immediately requiſite for the due execution of his deſired office. Inſtead of envying the rich and ſucceſsful, men would only be emulous of virtue and goodneſs, which are the *true* riches, and endeavouring

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

Preferable to all

OTHER KNOWLEDGE.

Noſce teipſum.

THE viſible world affords a large and noble field for contemplation. Here the greateſt geniuſes may employ themſelves with pleaſure and advantage. To underſtand the laws by which the ſolar ſyſtem is governed; to ſee the beauty, harmony, and order of its conſtituent parts amidſt their variety; to underſtand the mechaniſm of animal bodies, and the laws of vegetation; and be able to follow the traces of infinite wiſdom and power through the various parts of creation, are acquirements of a pleaſing nature. And the man who is poſſeſſed of them, not only is happy in that ſelf-complacence, which ſuch knowledge always carries along with it in reaſonable beings; and is accounted wiſe and deſerving by the reſt of mankind; which alone are ſufficient to recommend a ſtudy of theſe things; but it may be further added, in commendation thereof, that the better and more extenſive acquaintance men enjoy with the works of creation, the juſter will their notions be of DEITY, and

and the more enlarged their views of infinite perfection. And it may be ſaid in honour of this branch of philoſophy, that it has given a fatal blow to *Atheiſm*: and if it were duly improved, would put a final period to all thoſe abſurd and irreverent notions of GOD which fooliſh men have entertained.

Much might be ſaid in commendation of other branches of knowledge: and to write an eſſay upon each of them, might be acceptable to the philoſopher, the merchant, or the mechanic. But while theſe diſtinct branches of knowledge are uſeful to particular men, to whoſe reſpective profeſſions and buſineſs in life that particular kind of knowledge is either neceſſary or beneficial; there is another kind of knowledge which is of univerſal uſe and importance; and that is *the knowledge of ourſelves*.

To be acquainted with his own character and conſtitution; to underſtand his diſpoſitions and temper; to have clear views of his extenſive capacity; and of the endowments and properties of his mind, muſt be of great importance to every man's happineſs. Without ſuch an acquaintance, he cannot be ſuppoſed to have any rational knowledge, either of the nature of his ſupreme happineſs, or the proper meaſures of arriving at the poſſeſſion thereof: but when he truly knows himſelf, he muſt have the fulleſt and cleareſt views of that exalted honour and glory, for the poſſeſſion whereof he has a capacity; of the proper meaſures to ſecure them

to himſelf; and will find the ſtrongeſt reaſon for purſuing theſe methods with the greateſt diligence, and moſt ſteady reſolution.

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deavouring to exceed in piety and benevolence, which are the true honour of the rational nature. And to ſum up all; inſtead of this part of the rational creation being a ſcene of confuſion, diſtreſs, and miſery, the effects of *ſelf-acquaintance* would be order, harmony, and peace, with their conſtant attendant, happineſs: and the ſtate of the world might be juſtly repreſented in the language of an inſpired writer, who, deſcribing the ſtate of the world under the government of the *Meſſiah*, tell us, "That the "wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard "ſhall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and "the young lion, and the fattling together, and a "little child ſhall lead them: and the cow and the "bear ſhall feed, their young ones ſhall lie down "together; and the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the "ox; and the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole "of the aſp, and the weaned child put his hand on "the adder's den." Such would be the happy conſequences of *ſelf-knowledge*, with regard to the world in general; and therefore *it* muſt have a like effect with regard to the happineſs of particular men; becauſe the happineſs of any ſociety, nation, or of mankind in general, is only to be computed from the happineſs of particulars, and muſt be accounted more or leſs, according to the particular degrees of happineſs or miſery which the particular members of ſociety poſſeſs.

But this is only giving a narrow and contracted idea of the value and importance of *ſelf-knowledge*.

Men

Men are not only ſocial beings, and deſigned for ſocial happineſs, (a truth which many, if we may believe their conduct, ſeem ignorant of;) but they are alſo immortal beings, and formed for eternal joy and bleſſedneſs; which, as it is of much more value than any temporal happineſs, is of much more importance for any man to obtain. And that *ſelf-knowledge* is highly conducive to the enjoyment of this happineſs, is very evident.

He who looks upon himſelf only as an inhabitant of this world, will have no views beyond the happineſs of the preſent ſtate: and his principal care will be to ſecure its good things. But he who knows he has immortality before him, will be more ſollicitous to be happy in his eternal ſtate, than in the preſent; and will rather endeavour to poſſeſs thoſe good things which endure to eternal life, than thoſe which periſh. He who conſiders himſelf as a creature poſſeſſed of various paſſions, affections, and inclinations, given him by his Creator, and makes no deeper inquiry into himſelf, will have no ſcruple to gratify theſe in all their various demands and cravings: but he who deſcends into himſelf, and knows that *reaſon* is his principal faculty, to which all others ſhould be ſubjected, and in a conformity to which they ought to be regulated, will be careful not to indulge in any gratifications which, upon the moſt mature enquiry, it does not approve. He who knows ſo little of himſelf, and of his preſent circumſtances, as to believe that GOD,

who

who is infinitely good, would give his creatures a capacity for no happineſs but what he intended they ſhould enjoy, will have no controul, even to his moſt vile purſuits: but the man who is convinced that he is in a *probationary* ſtate, and that paſſions, appetites, affections, *&c.* contradictory to reaſon, and a capacity of vicious pleaſure, were neceſſary for the trial of his virtue, and to give a merit to his conduct, will be careful to keep them under a ſtrong controul, and ſteadily guard againſt their evil influences. Many ſeem to reckon themſelves of the ſame rank with the brute creation, and therefore make brutal pleaſures their principal purſuit, and place their greateſt happineſs in enjoyments for which the brute creatures ſeem to have a quicker and more lively reliſh than themſelves: but the man who underſtands his make, and the dignity of his nature, will conſider himſelf as allied to the angelic world: and while he knows his ſoul to be the moſt excellent part of his compoſition, and his body to be nothing but a machine acted and influenced by the ſoul, he cannot but rank himſelf in the claſs of ſpiritual beings (though indeed, among the loweſt orders) and accordingly purſue ſpiritual pleaſures. In ſhort, the man who *knows himſelf*, will in every thing behave as a creature accountable to an infinitely holy, juſt, and powerful GOD, who will reward him if he has been righteous, but puniſh him if he has been wicked: he will govern his temper and conduct, as one who knows that his works will follow him into the eternal

nal world; and that according to his character, he must be made eternally happy and glorious, or be doomed to everlasting punishment, infamy, and confusion. Sensible that he is formed on the divine likeness, he will endeavour to cultivate it more and more; being well assured, that, if he should lose his resemblance to his Maker, he must have his eternal portion with the first grand apostate from GOD and holiness.

In whatever light he views his character, if he thinks justly of himself, he will find every thing lead him to the conscious exercise of virtue and goodness: and the better a man understands himself, and the clearer view he has of his situation and the design of his existence, the stronger and more pressing will be his calls to the pursuit of righteousness.—But a good conscience (the certain consequence of righteousness) yields pleasures which cannot be equalled by worldly enjoyments and sensual gratifications; and which the frowns of the world, and the most unhappy external circumstances cannot deprive him of.

Thus *self knowledge* has an evident tendency to lead men to the possession of the most sublime happiness and valuable pleasure in this state: and to crown the account of its advantages, it will also lead him to the possession of unspeakable and never-ending joy in a future; "for the fruits of righte-
"ousness are peace; and the effects of righteous-
"ness, are quietness and assurance for ever."

From

From what has been ſaid above, the reaſonableneſs and expedience of *ſelf-knowledge* is very apparent: and ſince its advantages are of ſo exalted, as well as extenſive a nature, one would think that every man ſhould endeavour to be acquainted with himſelf, and never reſt contented, while ignorant of his capacity, character, and the deſign of his creation. In attempting a *ſelf-acquaintance*, men act wiſely: but thoſe who diſregard it, give the ſtrongeſt proofs of weakneſs, folly and madneſs. And where we ſee this temper prevail, we may conclude that the perſon is far from being happy in the beſt ſenſe of the word, and has but a narrow proſpect of bettering his condition, in any future part of his exiſtence.

Virtue alone is happineſs below,
And our beſt knowledge is, *ourſelves to know.*

POPE

THE EFFECTS OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE ON HUMAN CONDUCT.

SELF-love leads men too commonly to draw the moſt flattering picture of themſelves, and they are, in general, too much inclined in their imaginations to paint others in different colours, in order to draw a compariſon to their own advantage. Self-knowledge is abſolutely neceſſary to form a truly amiable moral character: every man either from habit, education, conſtitution, or connections, is more inclined to ſome vices than others, to ſubdue which, may require the exertion of his utmoſt abilities, and to guard againſt which, he muſt be well acquainted with his own heart, to perceive where his greateſt danger lies.

The failings of others are uſually viewed as it were through a magnifying glaſs, whilſt our own defects lie undiſcovered, or are eaſily palliated or excuſed. Indeed, ſo ready are mankind in general to deceive

deceive and impoſe upon themſelves, that they too frequently give to the worſt paſſions and actions the name of virtues. Thus men of an avaricious turn of mind, call their conduct frugality and prudence, and, with the utmoſt ſeverity, exclaim againſt prodigality and profuſeneſs; whilſt the gay ſpendthrift conſiders his diſpoſition as liberal and generous, and enveighs with the greateſt acrimony againſt covetouſneſs and the love of money.

The libertine with much aſperity condemns the hypocrite, under which character he claſſes all ſuch as profeſs to have more religion, or pay a greater regard to moral duties than himſelf.

The gameſter reprobates the conduct of the drunkard; the ſwearer profeſſes to have more honour than to tell a lie, and declares he deteſts a practice ſo mean and unbecoming a gentleman; whilſt the man who never ſcruples lying to ſerve his purpoſe, will affect to be ſhocked at the profaneneſs of ſwearing.—Thus in theſe, and in many other inſtances that might be enumerated, men condemn vices to which they have no inclination, and experience no temptation, and accuſtom themſelves to the commiſſion of others, which ſuit with their diſpoſition, without the leaſt regard to the propriety of their own conduct; and oftentimes they exclaim againſt ſuch as every body (but themſelves) knows they are guilty of; who is there that does not reprobate ingratitude, and profeſs to deteſt ſlander?

and

and yet, how commonly are thoſe vices to be met with, even in thoſe that talk moſt againſt them?

If mankind would but impartially endeavour to become acquainted with themſelves, and conſider and reflect on their own diſpoſitions, could they but diſcover their own feelings and defects, how different would be their conduct and behaviour to others! They would not ſo greedily liſten to, and induſtriouſly propagate every report which tends to injure the reputation of another.

Perhaps there is no paſſage in the new Teſtament more comprehenſive or ſtriking, than the beautiful deſcription of charity given by St. Paul. How amiable and extenſive a virtue does it appear! The general practice of it would remove innumerable inconveniences which ariſe in ſociety, and would make our ſtation in this life much more comfortable and pleaſing than it is: but whilſt ſtrangers to ourſelves, it is impoſſible it ſhould make a proper impreſſion on our minds, or ſufficiently influence our conduct in the world.

The conſideration that all are liable to errors and miſtakes, and that the beſt have fell, through the power of a ſudden or extraordinary temptation, ſhould teach mankind to be humble and diffident, and to judge favourably of each other.—There is, perhaps, ſcarce any man ſo bad, but he has ſomething amiable about him, and it is by no means fair utterly

utterly to condemn perſons as deſtitute of every virtue, becauſe they have fallen into ſome capital error; the extent of the temptation they met with, and the many corroborating circumſtances, which might unite to give it *peculiar* force, we may be unacquainted with, and therefore we ought to be cautious how we paſs our judgment on the conduct of thoſe who commit actions we may think proper to condemn. *Matthew* vii. 1, 3, 5.

ON MORAL OBLIGATIONS.

Do juſtly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God, Mic. vi. 8.

WE have already proved, that man was formed for ſociety; that he was bound to promote the good of the community in which Providence had placed him; and, conſequently, of every individual member of which it was compoſed; becauſe each individual is entitled to its care and protection, and conſequently, that this was the foundation of all *moral duty*, or human obligation.

To reduce the premiſes, and concluſion which they ſupport, within as narrow a compaſs as poſſible—it will only be neceſſary to ſay, "that man "is a ſociable animal, from his wants and deſires; "that by entering into ſociety, he binds himſelf by "the laws of that ſociety; that thoſe are public "good and private ſecurity; and that when his "conduct militates againſt the one, or violates the "other, he not only offends againſt his duty, but "againſt his *conſcience*, at leaſt in every act which "comes within the definition of *malum in ſe*, and, "in a more remote and imperfect degree, in every "act which is deſcribed to be *malum prohibitum*."

If

If theſe propoſitions be granted, it will follow, that there is a law of nature which every man is bound to, independent of any civil regimen whatever; that it may be varied, divided, ſubdivided, and modified, agreeable to times, circumſtances, and ſituations; but whether the different modifications of it are termed *civil*, *political*, or *religious*, the baſis of all law is the ſame; an obligation to the performance of private and public duties, calculated for the good of the whole community and ſociety, and to promote the happineſs of its conſtituent members, as well as his own ſecurity.

If any rational man can object to this ſcheme of natural religion, or moral obligation, I will ſuppoſe, for an inſtant, a ſavage to be poſſeſſed of the ſtrongeſt paſſions of which his nature is capable, and of the power and will to gratify them in their fulleſt extent, I mean for the preſent. If he delights in blood, can he expect always to ſhed it with impunity? What ſecurity has he, that he may not meet in a competitor, a formidable rival, or a ſuperior; or meeting with none, that age and accident may not, at ſome very ſhort or more diſtant period, leave him at the mercy of another as cruel, as well as younger and more powerful than himſelf? If an indiſcriminate commerce with the other ſex, with the wives, daughters, and relations of thoſe with whom he aſſociates, be his ruling paſſion, will not the ſame reaſoning hold good? Does he live a life of ſloth or idleneſs, maintaining himſelf by means of

of rapine and plunder, out of the property of others, will not the precariousness and hazards of procuring his subsistence in this manner, suggest similar ideas? In short, will not every *wrong* or *injustice* which he commits, though he never considers more than mere convenience and personal gratification, create perpetual fears and apprehensions, that he may either miscarry in his attempts, or be in turn retaliated upon? But supposing, that suppressing every idea of reflection, relative to present risques, or future consequences; above all, will not the resentments of the whole society, which he knows he must incur even in the first rude sketches of patriarchal, or parental Government, point out the certain evils which must overtake him when his single exertions are opposed to the rest of his fellow-savages? And, finally, will not he perceive inevitable destruction await him, should he continue to persist in his malefactions?

This I support as an abstract argument. It may be said, that savages, or man rather, in a savage state, does not reason in this manner; that he does not state the premises, deduce the progress and probable events in this regular series, nor draw conclusions methodically, after weighing the propable consequences, and the *quantam* of *good* or *bad* which they are likely to produce; that all these are the effects of refinement, of civilization, and the various improvements which the human mind has brought forth, after the industry and labour of ages; that

that as a mere animal, he ſeldom looks farther than the gratification of his *hunger* and *luſt*, and the ſatiating that principle of cruelty which is congenial to his nature.

To this beſides the arguments already adduced, which, without any auxiliary reaſons, I deem to be incontrovertible, I ſhall ſuppoſe our *potent* ſavage to be a *father*, a *huſband*, a *ſon*, or a *brother*. I will ſuppoſe his wife or daughter forced, deflowered or ſeduced; his ſon, or father, or brother, murdered; his habitation burned or plundered; his hunting grounds invaded, and after the labours of the day, his fiſh, or wild-fowl, wreſted from him when returning faint and weary to feed his expecting wife and hungry children. I will ſuppoſe him as *ſtrong* as Sampſon, and as *expert* as David in the uſe of his weapons, but that ſome one, or all thoſe, had been perpetrated by a *number* leagued for the purpoſe. Would not, I ſay, in ſuch a caſe, this mere animal on two legs, *feel* the injury, and reclaim againſt the injuſtice? Would not theſe acts then preſent to his mind a full recollection of the repeated injuries and cruelties he had been in the habit of inflicting upon others; and would not his firſt appeal be to *ſociety*, if a conſciouſneſs of his own crimes might not induce him to deſpair of obtaining juſtice, in order to get reparation and ſeek puniſhment on the perſons of the offenders?

If

If then ſuch be the actual ſtate of man, either as endued with *reaſon*, or urged on by mere *animal appetites*, which he enjoys in common with brute creatures, I am free to maintain, that there is a *law* of *nature* which he is bound to obey, or obſerve; that the evil reſulting from a breach of it, is preſent in the mind of the moſt *untutored ſavage*; and that however prone he may be to violate it by indiſcriminate gratifications, (unleſs his mind is perverted by evil *habits*, falſe notions of juſtice, eſtabliſhed by the community to which he belongs, or that, under the *name* of *religion*, his mind is clouded by *fanaticiſm* or *ſuperſtition*,) he has by a *ſecret* revelation from GOD, in his *own* breaſt, congenial with his nature, *fixed* and *unerring* ideas of RIGHT and WRONG implanted there, which divines entitle an enlightened CONSCIENCE.

A WHIMSICAL DREAM.

- - - - - - To die,
To ſleep, perchance to dream, ah there's the rub!

CATO.

SITTING at home one evening laſt week, I fell aſleep with the play of Cato in my hand. I had juſt ſtudied the celebrated ſoliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act, and methought I was conveyed into a large theatre, where that very play of Cato was performing. A perſon who ſat next me, informed me the part of Cato was acted by a lady, and that her name was *Britannia*.

Four acts were over before I came in, and the muſic were playing *Rule Britannia*, as I took my ſeat.

Preſently the curtain was drawn up, and Britannia was diſcovered in the character of Cato (as I thought) ſitting at a table, on which was ſpread *Magna Charta*, and a Bible lay open upon it; the cap of liberty ſhe held in her hand, and the room was hung with the portraits of *Camillus*, *Brutus*, *Algernon*, *Sidney*, Mr. *Wilkes*, &c. at her feet was a large bag of money; on which was written *Louis d'ors*,

d'ors, *Piſtoles*, *Ducats* and *Double Doubloons*, and a little lower upon the ſame bag was the inſcription, *Secret ſervices*.

Britannia aroſe, and looking round the room at the portraits, addreſſing herſelf to them, thus began:

It muſt be ſo,—Patriots you reaſon well,
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after *Engliſh Liberty*,
Or whence this ſacred dread and inward horror
Of *Britons being ſlaves?* Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at inthralment?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us,
'Tis freedom's ſelf that points out *Magna Charta*,
And intimates dear liberty to man.
Dear liberty, thou pleaſing well-try'd gift,
Thro' what variety of revolutions,
Thro' what temptations, and what threats you've paſs'd?
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lays before us,
But miniſterial maxims ſhade the view.
Here will we hold. If there's a power above us,
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works; he muſt delight in freedom,
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
[*She points to the Bible and Magna Charta.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd, my ſoul, my life,
My future and my preſent bliſs before me.
[*Kicks the bag of money away.*

Be gone thou venom to the ſoul of truth,
Thou miſchief-making Mammon; thus I ſpurn thee.
Thy tainted touch defiles the Patriot's mind,
And all thy bribes are badges of oppreſſion.

Juſt then there was a violent outcry in the theatre of *off*, *off*, *off*, to Britannia, and ſeveral people dreſſed in blue bonnets and tartans, headed by a hackney coachman and a nail-maker, got upon the ſtage from the gallery, and the bonnet-men ſeized the bag, ſaying,

It was gued œconomy to take care o'the ſiller, and took it away with them.

[*Britannia was driven off.*

The pit-folks ſat ſtaring at them, and when the mob was gone, began to grumble, and at laſt grew outrageous, and called out for the play to go on; but the maſter of the ſhow came upon the ſtage, and begged the audience would be eaſy; but that it was impoſſible to go on with the play, becauſe Madam Britannia, that did the part of Cato, was arreſted by an *Exciſeman*.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God.

CAN a man look around him, and ſee every thing aſſume a chearful countenance, emblem of innocence, while he himſelf advances ſullenly on, without joining in this univerſal pleaſure? If there are among mankind any, who, though withdrawn from ſocial intercourſe, and retired to the ſilent retreats of ſolitude, can, notwithſtanding, ſurvey the many beautiful appearances, which from all ſides preſent themſelves to their view, without being in the leaſt affected by the pleaſing influence of their attracting charms: I ſay, if there are any on whoſe imagination, neither the wonders of creation, nor the univerſal chorus of praiſe and gratitude, can make the leaſt impreſſion; who can behold with a frigid iudifference the innate beauties of thoſe various objects which the liberal hand of nature has poured forth in ſuch abundance; their minds muſt be greatly depraved, the impulſes of nature effaced, and every pleaſing idea baniſhed.

They muſt be under continual agitations, either tortured with the pangs of remorſe and diſappointment, or ſatiated with luxurious enjoyments, and unable to reliſh the refined joys of reaſon. To ſuch, indeed, the various ſcenes which the gay creation offers to the thinking mind, ſerve only to increaſe thoſe diſquietudes and anxieties ariſing from a ſerious conſideration of their condition, which conſcience has now taken the opportunity of painting in its true colours. They cannot behold nature with that delight and ſatisfaction which her ſerene aſpect demands; and conſequently are not at all fitted for thoſe meditations which tend to elevate the thoughts, and inſpire the mind with refined notions of a Deity. The repreſentations which now offer themſelves to their ſenſes, rather excite the paſſion of envy, becauſe they reflect with vexation on the confuſed ſtate of their own mind. What anguiſh muſt, on a review of it, awaken in their breaſts! How will they dread the terrible conſequences a vicious practice has entailed upon them! All their wicked actions arrange themſelves before their eyes, and form a hideous proſpect, heightened with all the marks of complicated diſtreſs. A dark and pitchy mantle obſcures the rays of yon beamy orb, and produces a quite different effect upon ſuch unhappy mortals, than what its radiant blaze and genial heat infuſes into other creatures. A perſon in ſuch wretched circumſtances, views with an envious eye the miſerable contraſt between his own condition, and that of thoſe who

who have followed the paths of innocence, and decked themſelves in the lovely garments of virtue. To a mind thus depraved and vitiated, nature has no charms. The imagination has been ſo long inured to contracted views, that its natural qualifications, which ſhould have been employed for more rational purpoſes, have been debaſed, and from an habitual application to infamous purpoſes, has been rendered incapable of reliſhing higher attainments. The impreſſion of nature is by this means almoſt worn out; and things appear to him gloomy and diſpleaſing, having loſt that native luſtre and harmony, with which a more ſerene mind beholds them. Nor can thoſe refined objects revive the languid impreſſions of his depraved imagination; they appear languid, and ſtript of all their charms. Yet I will not aſſert that in ſuch a diſpoſition, the ſenſibilities of nature may be ſo far defaced, that he cannot look back with ſorrow on their priſtine vigour, and lament their loſs. He may wiſh for higher attainments, and would, in a great meaſure, recover the former activity of his mind, could he perſevere in a reſolution to expel thoſe degenerate ſentiments which a vicious practice acquired, and endeavour to improve to advantage the remaining ſpark of his mind's depreſſed faculties. But to return.

The beauty, order, and magnificence, which diſplay themſelves in the creation, are loſt to none but thoſe whoſe practices and habits have corrupted

the natural impreſſions of their minds. Not even the ſimple and ignorant mortal, whoſe life has been conformable to the dictates of reaſon and ſobriety, can paſs by thoſe admirable productions of omnipotent power, without ſome pleaſing ſenſations of gratitude and wonder. Nor are their effects loſt on the gay and ſprightly; for though their minds ſeem not at all diſpoſed for ſuch contemplations, yet the brilliant proſpects which rural nature affords, may for the preſent moment ſuſpend their uſual mirth and levity, create in them a few ſerious reflections and lead them through the mazes of pleaſing admiration, while they behold the immenſity of the creation. This naturally exalts their thoughts to a ſupreme being; for even the leaſt of all his works, the ſmalleſt reptile which is ſcarce viſible to the human eye, points out to us a GOD, a firſt and all-powerful cauſe, where infinite greatneſs, in conjunction with infinite wiſdom, actuated by ſo divine a principle as infinite love, are wonderfully diſplayed.

If the influences of nature have ſuch pleaſing power on the young and the gay, how viſible muſt be their effects on the ſerious and contemplative man! who, led by the hand of wiſdom, traces the labyrinths of truth, forces her from her dark retreats, and, (what ſhould be his principle motive,) diſplays the praiſes of his Almighty Creator! This is the only employment that affords a perpetual fund of pleaſure and amuſement, and at the ſame time

time improves the ideas, and is a continual ſource of inſtruction and delight. It fills the mind with ſublime and awful ſentiments, with reverend and religious thoughts. In ſhort, there is nothing better adapted to the diſpoſitions of mankind than the book of nature; for, as Pliny obſerve, *Eſt natura hominum novitatis avida.* This can alſo ſatisfy ſuch an inclination, becauſe it is a conſtant reſervoir of novelty and variety, ſo that every one deſirous of peruſing this inſtructive volume, may diſcover what is the moſt ſuitable to his wiſhes. Are your thoughts directed to the expanded concavity of yon azure arch? would you exalt them to the heavens; wing your flight among the ſtars, and travel where planets roll their bulky orbs in unbounded fields of æther? The page is large and copious, where, guided by aſtronomy, your reſearches may extend as far as the utmoſt efforts of human ingenuity will permit. Or rather, would you confine your obſervations to terreſtial objects, the univerſe opens a wide and extended field, where a contemplative mind may perpetually employ his reaſon; for there is not an atom that ſports in the ſummer's breeze, but affords ample room for ſtudy and meditation.

Drawn on by theſe reflections, and by the fineneſs of the ſeaſon, I withdrew myſelf, for a while, from all commerce with my fellow-creatures, and retired to the ſequeſtered walks. As I directed my ſteps to the ſylvan ſhade, I could not help obſerving, how viſible was the change! Here ſolitude had

erected her peaceful throne, and reigned, without interruption, through a long ſucceſſion of years. On one ſide of her, my imagination repreſented a beautiful form, diſtinguiſhed by the name of Contemplation, while on the other, Quietneſs breathed forth gentle gales of ſerenity and content. No noiſe was heard, except the ſoft murmurings of the liquid ſtream, whoſe purling meanders glided in harmonious concord, through yon verdant meadow; and the ſweet warblings of the feathered choir, who joined in concert to chaunt forth lays of warbling gratitude to their Maker.

How ſolemn is this retirement! What awful thoughts does it create in my mind! and in what vived colours do thoſe pleaſing ſcenes point to my imagination, the ingratitude of man! He alone is wanting to ſound forth his Creator's praiſe, while all the other creatures, even the vegetable as well as animal creation, join in one univerſal choir to celebrate his name; for all theſe anſwer the ends for which they were created, but man alone ſeems wanting in his adorations. He is wholly taken up with mercenary purſuits; while the acknowledgements due to a ſupreme Being are neglected, ſelf-intereſt appears to be the reigning motive of his conduct. His chief gratifications center in that one point, and ſo eager are his endeavours, that he can hardly ſpare a moment from purſuing what tends to the accompliſhment of them. How does he by this means eprive himſelf of the higheſt pleaſure the mind

mind is capable of enjoying! Ye mortals! learn wiſdom from the feathered tribe! Retire a while, and liſten to their remonſtrances! The examples they propoſe to your imitation, are truly laudable! and the practices they warn you from following are as deteſtable! Let, therefore, nature be your guide. Submit yourſelves to her directions, and you will will walk ſecurely in the paths of peace! For

——Every object of creation
Can furniſh hints for contemplation,
And from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean. GAY.

This naturally turns my thoughts to the great analogy ſubſiſting between the *natural* and the *moral* world, and with what conſiſtency unerring wiſdom has calculated the former to enforce the duties of the latter. How noble then muſt be the employment to extract knowledge from thence! No didactic rules of morality can equal thoſe inſtructive leſſons which nature affords us! Man may pore over the records of antiquity, may collect a train of far-fetched arguments, and tranſmit to poſterity the elaborate productions of ſcholaſtic learning; but no ſuch ſyſtem of ethics can vie with thoſe admirable maxims which every creature of the animal creation teaches us. Were our obſervations thus directed, and were we minutely to attend the footſteps of the leaſt moving particle, what duties would they

they not inculcate to our practice! and what unerring truths would they not demonſtrate to our minds!

Ye unnatural mothers! who can expoſe your tender offspring to thoſe many calamities to which a human being is every moment ſubject? who, inſtead of protecting them from all injuries and miſfortunes, can be ſo loſt even to humanity and compaſſion, as to ſtand unmoved at their cries, and leave them to ſuffer the piercing calls of hunger: ſee your inhuman character exactly delineated in the *oſtrich*, who forſakes her young the moment they appear, leaves them liable to be trodden under foot by the unwary traveller, and is under no concern for their preſent ſafety. But, on the other hand, learn maternal affection from the examples of thoſe many creatures, whoſe care and concern for their offspring plainly demonſtrates their obedience to nature. Obſerve, how tender they are of their preſervation, and what lengths they will run to ſave their helpleſs young. Can ye then expel from your breaſts thoſe tender feelings, to which even the brute creation pay ſo exact a conformity?

Britons! why will ye not learn unanimity from the ants? Behold in them a body politic, divided by no party-oppoſitions, their conſtitution deſtroyed by no internal broils; but, as members of a community, all agree in one common principle—the ſafety of the republic; and all join in one common good. Ceaſe then thoſe political conteſts; rather be contented

tented and happy, that you have a monarch on the throne, who glories in the name of Briton; whoſe zeal and affection for his country ſeems to prognoſticate future felicity; may peace plenty and proſperity, ſurround his throne, felicitate his ſubjects, and crown his long and glorious reign.

How delightful is the proſpect which this glade opens to my ſight! and how does plenty everywhere offer her balmy treaſures! What a pleaſing aſpect do the luxurous fields aſſume! Here interſperſed with enchanting landſcapes, and there the ripened corn gently ſubmits its head to the fanning zephyrs. Chearfulneſs ſmiles around; not even man is exempt from ſome pleaſing emotions; but univerſal ſatisfaction ſeems to have ſpread its enraptured wings throughout the whole creation.

The honeſt farmer, with joy ſparkling in his countenance, beholds to his inexpreſſible pleaſure the approaching harveſt. Delighted with preſent appearances, he flatters himſelf with plentiful crops. Now he expects to reap the fruits of his long labour, and now he hopes to have all his toil rewarded. The thought adds vigour to his frame, and joy ſits ſmiling in his face. He reflects on the benignity of a kind Providence, and returns his grateful praiſes to the God of nature.

The husbandman likewiſe ſacrifices to Ceres, and celebrates the munificent productions of her liberal

liberal hand. He is elated, when he beholds the trees bending with the weight of their mellow load.

The philoſopher too looks round with pleaſure at thoſe enlivening proſpects, and receives, as by contagion, the univerſal joy. With delight he contemplates on the luxuriant ſcenes, and, in a poetic frenzy, dedicates a few grateful lines to the God of nature.

How can giddy mortals conſume their time in a continual round of levity and mirth, while Nature invites them to ſurvey her pleaſing appearances? How can they paſs by her with neglect, and not drop one kind expreſſion to her praiſe. Let that claſs of beings ſeek for entertainment in the places devoted to pleaſure; let them reſort thither to gratify this ſtrong propenſity; but let *me* ſeek delight in conſidering the works and wiſdom of an omnipotent Being; for

Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand;
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the ſeas with ſpawn innumerable,
But all to pleaſe and ſate the curious taſte,
" And give unbounded pleaſure unto man?"

MILTON'S COMUS.

ON

ON HUMILITY.

O Pater, anne aliquas ad Cælum hinc ire putandum eſt,
Sumblimes animas iterumque ad tarpa reverti
Corpora? Quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?

Virg. l. 6.

He that humbleth himſelf ſhall be exalted.

IMAGINATION veils our mental powers with the mantle of deceiving error; finite reaſon compaſſed in its views, yields to the vain impoſter; but wiſdom infinite reveals the myſtery, and man is ſtripped of all his borrowed charms. Nature is an extenſive theme, the garden of the univerſe, its plants are various and grand; but yet amidſt its beauteous train Humility cannot be found. Cenſure, the critic's weapon, indiſcriminately threatens all; but yet in blaming others he exalts himſelf. Not ſo does Humility inſtruct us; it begins with that which nature deſires to leave, namely, ſelf-condemnation. Inſtead of being mounted on the ſtage of adulatory praiſe, or ranging on the mountains of vanity and conceit, it dwells in the loweſt valley of conceived notions. Humility is a grace that

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is ſupernatural, not to be acquired by knowledge, or attained by ſtudy. Acquiſitions in general puff us up with pride, but Humility fills us with abaſement. Philoſophy aſcribes the character of ſages to its choiceſt ſons, but Humility grants no other diploma than the ſimpleſt of the ſimple, and yet it is the perfection of wiſdom. Humility is a grace that occaſions us to entertain the meaneſt opinion of ourſelves, and the ſtrongeſt conceptions of our natural imbecillity and weakneſs. Humility teaches us to view ourſelves in a proper light, and to conſider others in a more exalted view. Humility is a powerful adverſary to that inbred principle called ſelf, that fain would be firſt in all, preſident and chief; but Humility aſſigns it the meaneſt offices of life. Montaigne ſays, "it is only humility and "ſubmiſſion that can make a complete good man."

Nothing leſs than a view of our native depravity, and an experimental knowledge of our natural pollution and defilement, a general perception of our impotency and weakneſs, and a full diſplay of our natural inability, either as to the power or inclination to effect any thing that is really good, can produce true and genuine Humility. There are many vain pretenders to this Chriſtian virtue, but the effects prove their pretentions falſe. Man is, in fact, a ſtrange compound, endued with the happy organs of ſight, but yet mentally blind; poſſeſſed of the ſenſe of hearing, but deaf to the voice of reaſon; every faculty is impaired, and he acts more by no-

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tion than reality. Thus buoyed by the flattering dictates of credulous fancy, he liſtens moſt to the empty reaſonings of ſenſe, builds his confidence on the ſlender baſis of received maxims, and regulates his conduct by the falſe opinions of others. Felicity is promiſed by a due obſervance of duties, and contentment offered through the medium of triumphing reaſon, that nature places at the helm to keep the paſſions in due ſubordination. The purpoſe completely anſwered imaginarily, (for *really* it is impoſſible) this rational ſelf governor pronounces humanity a ſyſtem of moral rectitude and purity. But in the mean while what effects are produced? Is Humility the companion of every virtue? On the contrary, it is totally excluded. Pride is its foundation, pride is its cauſe, and pride its effects.

Humility is not to be attained by the knowledge of either moral or natural philoſophy, for its principles are calculated rather to exalt than abaſe. Sir William Cornwallis ſays, "Preſervation looſeth no "friend, and Humility is the author; for ſailing "by this compaſs, we know whereſoever we are, "and what we are." As pride is the effect of ignorance, ſo Humility is the effect of knowledge; and as the former is altogether irrational, the latter is the perfection of reaſon. Nor is this virtue merely the effect of knowledge, but of experience alſo; it is therefore *right* reaſon, which is nothing more than experience and ſedulous obſervation. Knowledge is that on which the greater part of man-

mankind pride themſelves more or leſs; but our conceptions are ſo narrow, and our ideas ſo low, that at beſt they are compaſſed within the limit of mere ſuggeſtion; this aſſertion will appear evident when we conſider the various enquiries made by the ancients concerning the nature of the divine Being. With a view of diſplaying the comparative ignorance of the wiſeſt of mankind, when compared to infinite wiſdom, and the abundant cauſe that this our native ignorance affords for the deepeſt Humility, I ſhall recite ſeveral inſtances that are applicable to my preſent purpoſe.

Thales, who firſt enquired into this matter, believed GOD to be a ſpirit, that made all things of water. Anaximander, that the gods were always dying, and entering into life. Anaxamines, that the air was GOD; that he was procreate and immenſe, always moving. Alemæon deſcribed divinity to the ſun, moon, and ſtars, and to the ſoul. Pythagoras imagined GOD to be a ſpirit ſprinkled over the nature of all things, from whence our ſouls are extracted. Democritus was one while of opinion, that the images and their circuitions were gods; another, this nature that darts out thoſe images, and then our ſcience and intelligence. Plato divides his belief into ſeveral opinions. Xenophon reports a like perplexity in Socrate's doctrine, ſometimes that the ſun is GOD, and the ſoul GOD. Ariſtotle one while ſays, it is the ſpirit; another the world. Heraclides Ponticus does nothing but float in his opinion

opinion, and finally deprives GOD of ſenſe, and makes him ſhift from one form to another, and at laſt ſays, it is heaven and earth. Zeno ſays, it is the law of nature commanding good, and prohibiting evil. Diogenes Apollonates, thinks it is age. Cleanthes one while ſuppoſes it to be reaſon; another the world: and Theodorus flatly denies that there were any gods at all.

How dark is the mere light of nature, and how irrational are its dictates! Humility may well draw a veil over our ignorance, and ſelf-abaſement crown our vain conceptions. Theſe inſtances are irrefragable teſtimonies of the vanity of finite knowledge, and evident proofs of the abſolute and indiſpenſable neceſſity of Humility. Perfection virtually invalidates this Chriſtian virtue, but imperfection has an immediate claim upon it; thus no perfection being under the ſun, Humility is proper to imperfect creatures; by proper, I would ſignify a natural propriety in the thing itſelf, though not a natural virtue. Humility being preternatural, we muſt look for it from the divine giver of all ſpiritual gifts and graces, who implants it in the hearts of his people. GOD is the author, prayer is the means, and revelation the guide. Theſe poſitions already defended by reaſon, the Deiſt is accuſed of folly, in charging the ſacred oracles of truth with being contrary to reaſon. Humility is a grace that revelation declares eſſential to the character of a Chriſtian, and reaſon ſays the ſame: How then ſhall the Deiſt

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preſume to cenſure revelation on rational principles? Here is the wide difference between the teachings of philoſophy and thoſe of revealed truths; that the former deceive us in feeding our pride with vanity and conceit, whilſt the latter diſcover to us the real ſtate of every man by nature, and prove there is abundant cauſe for Humility and ſelf-abaſement. Whilſt fallibility and mortality, depravity and nature, are inſeparably connected, Humility will in every point of view be becoming. The more exalted the ſtation, the more exalted the grace; the more refined the object, the more conſpicuous the virtue. Humility muſt be diſtinguiſhed from melancholy and deſpair, inaſmuch as the latter may proceed from an evil, but the former can proceed only from a good principle. It was the common boaſt of the heathen philoſophers, that by the efficacy of their ſeveral doctrines they made human nature reſemble the divine. As Humility and condeſcenſion appear glorioufly excellent in the latter, and this chriſtian grace being totally unnoticed by the former, the aſſertion appears both fallacious and vain, and the boaſted ſimilitude is derogatory to unerring wiſdom and infinite mercy and condeſcenſion. Is it not Humility in its fulleſt extent for the Divine Being to have reſpect unto his fallen creatures? Does it not exceed the power of language to declare the unparalleled and infinite humiliation of God, in aſſuming human nature in all things, ſin only excepted? Reaſon muſt yield the imperial chair to revelation, and truth muſt bend the knee

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of reverential awe; while time ſhall praiſe the majeſty of heaven, and infinite humility be the theme of eternal ages.

Humility, as a chriſtian grace, implies a chriſtian nature, not merely a chriſtian name. It was the original deſire of man to be as GOD, knowing good and evil. This was the effect of pride. The dire contagion ſpreading itſelf throughout the whole fallen poſterity, the ſame natural propenſities remain; in conſequence hereof, without ſupernatural power to effect a total renovation of nature, Humility will not exiſt. From hence it is properly called a grace, and though in one ſenſe a virtue, yet is entirely a gift. Deſtitute of this, our knowledge will appear but ignorance, our qualifications and attainments but as foibles: our ſuppoſed merit will appear worthleſs, and our conceived dignity be proved contemptible. Though endued with every faculty of wiſdom or diſcernment, though poſſeſſed of natural and acquired knowledge, Humility will be juſtly eſteemed an ornament and an honour.

Be clothed with humility.

THE BANEFUL NATURE AND EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.

Beware of him who flattereth with his lips.

FLATTERY is a ſcience in which moſt have made ſome proficiency; and what many people make uſe of on particular occaſions. Cuſtom has furniſhed us with numberleſs precedents, and this among the reſt, that flattery and gentility are as inſeparably connected as government and law, or any other indiſſoluble union. Truth is ſo generally exploded, agreeable to the rules of refined knowledge, that it became neceſſary to raiſe a ſtandard, whither the ſons of faſhion might reſort. In conſequence of this modern edict, every tinſeled beau becomes a careful ſtudent, and in proceſs of time arrives to the degree of matter of every polite art extant.

Flattery

Flattery is as neceſſary an accompliſhment in the circle of polite company, as any other common acquirement. Few people like to be dealt plainly with, and there is danger of offendng the greater part in being honeſt and ſincere. Such is the vanity of human nature, that we are moſt of us apt to pay implicit credit to the fulſome poiſon of adulatory praiſe; and ſo blinded are our depraved faculties, that few will look at the mirror of internal deformity. Let every rational being take but an impartial view of the proneneſs of his will, the bent of his inclinations, the ſordidneſs of his views, the baſeneſs of his deſires, and, inſtead of conſidering himſelf a fit ſubject for praiſe, he will ſay with Job, "*Behold I am vile!*" But nature does not ſo inſtruct us; its dictates are comparative goodneſs and ſuperior merit. Without further prelude, I would briefly enquire what flattery properly is? Whatever ſpecious pretences it may make to delicacy of ſentiment, or tenderneſs of feelings, yet it is in fact varniſhed, lying, diſſimulation, or falſehood. We cannot ſuppoſe a perſon flattered where the thing praiſed is really deſerving it; but when and where there is no claim of merit.

For many ages flattery has been a court fiend, and the mercileſs tyrant has been praiſed as well as the gracious monarch. Doubtleſs Nero, the bloody perſecutor, had many of theſe court ſycophants, who would extol his mercy when they beheld his cruelty. Flattery is a moſt logical ſcience, replete with innumerable

numerable parodoxes; but differs from moſt others in never admitting demonſtrations; for where no truth is, how can any thing be demonſtrably proved;—Flattery is a dangerous ſnare even to the wiſeſt, but over ignorance and ſimplicity it will ſoon prevail.—Flattery is a myſterious mode of elocution, that well managed, wears the appearance of plauſibility; but if differently covered with verbal cloathing the deception appears evident, and the ſcheme is fruſtrated.—Flattery is in fact a commodity that moſt deal in, but ſome have a better manner of ſerving their cuſtomers than others.

This polite ſcience conſiſts wholly in repreſenting things better than they really are, and exceeding the truth by hyperbolical narrations. So little regard to ſtrict truth did many of the ancients pay, that it was eſteemed a neceſſary criterion of ſublimity to deal largely in hyperboles throughout the whole of their poetic writings.—Thus Flattery is ſublime falſehood, calculated to pleaſe the imagination, to exalt our opinion of ourſelves, and to feed both our pride and vanity. But, alas! there is no need of theſe friendly aſſiſtants, for we are all of us too ready. Sir William Cornwallis ſays, "I will ſpeak of Flattery as a thing that I have heard ſpoken of, but was never acquainted with. The heart is the tongue's maſter; in her travels ſhe uſeth this inſtrument for an Interpreter; by the help of this ſhe traffics with the world, and travels through the ſundry regions of diſpoſitions. All this time it

is

is well; but now, when the thoughts go Eaſt, and the tongue Weſt, there is the diſeaſe." Plutarch ſays, "the flattered have the diſeaſe of over-liking, "or elſe they could never be ſurprized."—Flattery blinds the underſtanding, and deceives the judgment; offers open violence to reaſon, and derides while it ſeems to praiſe. Diogenes ſays, "of wild "beaſts, detractors, and of tame beaſts, flatterers "bite worſt. Smooth language is a ſugared halter. "Flattery is like an empty tomb on which friend-"ſhip is inſcribed." Thus Flattery has ever been repreſented as an enemy to mankind, and a thing we cannot be too cautious of being enſnared by. Socrates compares "Flattery to a painted armour "that is only for ſhow, and not for uſe; and affirm-"ed thoſe to be the moſt faithful friends who re-"prove as well as praiſe." From thence it is evident in what general diſeſteem Flattery was held by the ancients, though I doubt not it was practiſed among them as well as the moderns.

To a perſon aware of the literal import and deſign of flattery, there is ſomething peculiarly hateful; but what renders it ſo enſnaring is the want of this unneceſſary apprehenſion. It is as needful to be avoided as an infectious diſeaſe; for the one infects the body, but this the mind. Vainglory and conceit are epidemical diſtempers, difficult to be removed, and leave behind them fatal effects tending to deceive us in one of the moſt im-

portant branches of knowledge—the knowledge of *ourſelves*. Could we attain to greater perfection in this uſeful ſcience, we ſhould be better able to defeat the malign purpoſes of Flattery or deceit. But the obſtacle is in our own depraved nature, that is, deaf like the adder, to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever ſo wiſely.

Flattery, like a poiſoned arrow, is directed at the imagination, which vain fancy readily embracing, is wounded in the views of bliſs: but it frequently meets with reproof that expoſes it in its native contempt. When Pauſanias, the king of Sparta, was frequently bragging of his performances, and bidding the lyric poet in raillery to give him ſome wiſe muſty precept, he, knowing the vain-glory of him that ſpoke, admoniſhed him to remember that he was a man. Plutarch, in his laconic Apophthegms, recites the following of one that ſaid, "Sir, I always commend and ſpeak in "your behalf." "Well, ſaid he in anſwer, I have "two oxen in the field, and though neither ſays "one word, I know very well which is the labo-"rious, and which the lazy." Charillus being aſked why Lycurgus made ſo few laws? "Becauſe, "he replied, thoſe whoſe *words* are few need but "few laws." Diogenes (who it is plain was averſe to flattery) ſeeing an unſkilful archer ſhooting, ſat down by the mark, ſaying, "that was the beſt

way

way to avoid being hit." I beg leave to recite ſome verſes compoſed by Solon, a very ancient philoſopher, as being applicable to my preſent purpoſe, and containing ſentiments rarely to be met with from the heathen ſages.

" Beware, for wicked man muſt ſtill be watch'd,
" Leſt ſecret miſchief in his heart be hatch'd,
" When ſmooth he ſpeaks, and with a ſmile as
" fair
" As new born flow'rs exhaling fragrant air;
" Man's double tongue can flatter or can howl,
" When prompted by a black corrupted ſoul."

Neither elegance or ſublimity, it is true, appear conſpicuous herein; but it abounds with ſolid matter and plain truth. Here is no mention of the rectitude of human nature, but a clear diſplay of its native depravity and pollution. Flattery in doctrine is a moſt dangerous enemy to mankind, both deluſory and vain. But yet, more love to be flattered, and but few can bear to be reproved. If truth and reaſon theoretically preſide, they will afford us this leſſon,—That ſelf-abaſement is honourable, when ſelf-praiſe is contemptible. Now in this view there are ſelf-flatterers as well as thoſe that flatter others; for every man that contends for the dignity of human nature is founding his own praiſe with a borrowed trumpet. Flattery is in ſhort nothing more than oblique ridicule, or poiſon in a gild-

pill; for the flatterer muſt neceſſarily ſuppoſe the perſon flattered, inſenſible of his real deſigns, for no one would practiſe deception where he feared a diſcovery. This faſhionable ſcience, or modiſh vice, is a poſitive affront to the underſtanding, though a literal pretext of commendation. Flattery, ſcientifically conſidered, abounds with irony and contradiction, as extolling one for their beauty whom the mirror pronounces deformed; and laviſhing encomiums on the ſagacity of one whom reaſon pronounces a fool. Were all the fine ſpeeches, with which the glittering courtier ſo much abounds, to be conſtrued in their proper light, the perſons ſo beſpattered with approved falſehoods would conſider them as accumulated inſults. Man boaſts greatly of his reaſon, but here this noble faculty is wonderfully eclipſed; and, inſtead of ſhining in meridian day, there reigns an univerſal twilight. Did men in general entertain a worſe opinion of themſelves, flattery would be leſs victorious; and the praiſes aſcribed by others, would, through ſelf-diffidence, be deemed the effect of mere compliment and cuſtom.

From the neceſſary deſign of flattery,—to deceive,—and its natural compoſition,—falſehood,—we may juſtly pronounce it a vice rather to be avoided than attended to, and more proper to be exploded than adopted or practiſed. But cuſtom reaſons quite otherwiſe, and exhorts to the diligent purſuit

purſuit of it, as a neceſſary and indiſpenſable pre-requiſite in our ſocial connections. But on the contrary flattery is deſtructive of real friendſhip, while ſincerity is a neceſſary evidence of a real friend. Few, however, can ſeriouſly vindicate this polite ſcience on the principles of truth and integrity; though moſt, regardleſs of either, periodically adopt the ſyſtem. Flattery, with all its fading charms, invites us to its ſtandand, and giddy mortals obey the friendly call!—but reaſon threatens its deluded ſons with ruin, miſery, and woe!

ON

ESTIMATION

AND

REPUTATION.

Invidiam placare paras virtute relictâ?

HOR. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 13.

Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro.

TULL.

HAD prejudice, with vehement extreme; or paſſion, with unabating ardour; ever yielded their belligerent weapons to the calmer dictates of reaſon, the mind would have been open to conviction in every act and inſtance. But enſlaved by theſe tyrants of the will, the gentle voice of candour is unheard; and truth, in the hallowed garb of intrinſic purity, gains no admiſſion. A vaſſalage, ſo univerſal, inſures ſubmiſſion abject to a degree; and even judgment reſigns its ſceptre to the imperious

rious mandate of Eſtimation and Reputation. We are all naturally deſirous of eſteem. Few, indeed, bear even with reproof, and fewer ſtill can patiently ſubmit to cenſure. Moſt think they have ſome claim on the approbation of others, whether obtained or not.

The canditates for Eſtimation are ſo numerous, that we find competitors in almoſt every undertaking; and the ſucceſs is ſo greatly diſproportioned, that the efforts of a conſiderable majority prove abortive. Merit is too little regarded; and the moſt undeſerving frequently ſucceed. A name once acquired, we may ſail down the current of opinion with the greateſt rapidity imaginable, claim unparalleled excellency in the thing eſteemed, and waft the credulous over the ſurface of the aerial fancy. So powerful are the effects of Eſtimation, that even prejudices have been overcome by this conſtraining rule; for experience declares the ſole reaſon, frequently to be aſſigned for the adoption of meaſures, is their general acceptation. Nor is it limited to circumſtances alone, but extends itſelf to principles univerſally deciſive. Right and wrong are too often weighed by the balance of Eſtimation; and admitted, or otherwiſe, by their partial deciſions. This, like cuſtom, is a ſanction almoſt to any thing; and few things are practiſed without its being previouſly conſulted. If the Stoical apathy can on any ground be commended, it is here; or, if the profeſſional

freethinkers of the age can in any wiſe be ſentimentally acceded to, in this reſpect I think they may. For as they profeſs to diſregard opinion in its moſt alluring dreſs, and to reject its authority under any pretences, they act much more conſiſtently with reaſon than thoſe who are altogether led by it. Many of the calamities of life reſult hence; for by meaſuring our own conduct by this rule, and confining our bliſs to its preſcriptions, we become vaſſals where we ſhould be free, and deny ourſelves that liberty which the Author of univerſal nature has granted us, even the natural and undoubted right of thinking for ourſelves. In order to prove the error of judging by eſtimation, concerning the merits or demerits of any thing, it will be neceſſary to enquire into the origin and extent of this circle of conduct.

Eſtimation generally admits of two difinitions: 1. A received opinion, that has gained common aſſent: 2. An act of the will, that determines either for or againſt any thing propoſed. It has been judiciouſly obſerved, that ſenſe, conſcioufneſs, and reaſon, are the common mediums of ſcience; hence it is, that whatever meets not with the entire concurrence of one or all of theſe, cannot properly be deemed any thing more than an act of the will without the aſſent of the judgment. For it is poſſible we may eſteem ſome things we are not competent judges of, and which our ignorance only occaſions us

us to esteem. This is an impulse of passion. But with regard to Estimation, as including general assent to any proposition, which, from its approved merit, passes for a maxim, or proverbial saying, this is chiefly founded on prior circumstances, that have proved its validity, and have been the means of rendering it generally accepted. To recommend any deviation from these, may be thought too great an acquiescence to self, without paying a proper deference to the opinion of others. As to this, although we may acknowledge all the merit of such propositions, yet we undoubtedly act wrong in being guided by any general notions, unless we are conscious of their propriety: for it is paying too great a complement to human tradition, to sacrifice conscience by implicitly believing them. Let it be observed, I mean not to use such a conduct respecting *divine revelation*; for the oracles of truth, as infallible, have a positive claim on our assent; whereas, the general opinions of men can have no farther, than as they appear evident to the understanding.

To strengthen then my argument, let us consider what received opinions frequently are the result of. Too seldom of mature deliberation and cautious examination. On the contrary, we find often one man imbibes an opinion which he communicates to a second, who assents to it—to a third, who confirms it—to a fourth, who abides by it—and thus it be-

comes general: when probably, a third of its profeſſors are unacquainted with its nature and tendencies. Hence it is, the greateſt abſurdities have been tranſmitted from one generation to another; and, by dint of Eſtimation, have been deemed unqueſtionable. So far from conſidering a diſſenting from any thing, generally aſſented to, as dogmatical; I ſhould be inclined to ſuppoſe that perſon, if he acted from principle, an impartial enquirer, though he might differ from me in ſentiment. The man, whoſe determinations are the reſult of critical enquiry, is far more to be attended to than one who aſſents to any thing, becauſe it is held in common Eſtimation. The former is an honour to the cauſe he eſpouſes; the latter, a diſgrace to any. No acquieſcence in the opinion of another, can poſſibly yield the ſatisfaction, or be productive of the comfort that muſt ariſe from the conſciouſneſs of the truth of it. As for inſtance—If a Fataliſt was to adopt every argument, to enforce the doctrine of fatality; in order to convince me of the truth of it, nothing would ſo powerfully ſway my mind as a conviction of its expediency; or afford me equal conſolation, as if its happy tendencies were rendered ſelf-evident.

The man, who thinks and acts according to the dictates of his own conſcience, is happier by far than he who is the ſlave of received opinions. It is perverting the very order of things, to ſuppoſe

poſe that one man can be a judge for another: for what one would eſteem to be pleaſure, another would conſider as pain; what one would eſteem as happineſs, another would conſider as miſery; what one would eſteem an honour, another would conſider as a diſgrace; and what one would eſteem to be right, another would conſider to be wrong; hence came the proverb, *what is one man's meat is another man's poiſon.*

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

NO one will pretend to deny that the country air is generally, if not always, more wholesome than the condenſed air of towns—This reaſon alone ought to be ſufficient to invite all thoſe who conveniently can, to live in the country; for it is better calculated for health, for ſobriety, temperance, contemplation, and devotion, than town can be. Innocence and virtue were born, educated, and nurſed in the country. I do not mean that they are utter ſtrangers in towns, but they viſit them only *en paſſent*. The bloom of youth expands nowhere ſo well, nor is ſo ſalubriouſly heightened as in the county. Mirth, pleaſure, and contentment delight in cottages. Peace and tranquility of mind, are the labourers concomitants. The country is all romance and fairy land, to people of a contemplative diſpoſition. Every object excites wonder, praiſe and delight. We behold the creator *tranſparently* through his works. Our breaſt throbs with inno-

innocent pleaſures and gratitude burſts out into praiſe and thankſgivings. We feel, as it were, providence on all ſides; our ſoul is enraptured with extatic tranſports, and we begin to think that man is re-admitted into the terreſtrial paradiſe. All the "gorgeous palaces, the ſolemn temples, the cloud-"capt towers," cannot give a rational man ſo true a delight as Nature's inferior works. But what can be compared to her in her ſublimity? Wiſdom's coat of arms is found impreſſed on every thing.

Order, regularity, and harmony, are there finely delineated on green fields. Goodneſs is her creſt. "O LORD, how glorious are thy works! Thy "thoughts are very deep!" This is her motto, which you cannot read without a reflecting glaſs. When you have a proſpect terminated on all ſides by the blue æther, and the eye of the day (as ſome of the Americans emphatically call the ſun) ſheds its warming, comforting, prolific influence on all ſides, making Nature's blood to circulate; when the eye takes in earth, ſeas, ſkies beautifully diverſified, and the intellectual eye, opened at the glorious ſcene, darts into inviſible worlds, quits the cloggs of the fleſh, and anticipates the joys of another everlaſting ſcene, who then can expreſs, who can have ſuitable ideas of the refined pleaſure you then enjoy?

Every plant, every herb, every flower, every inſect, proclaims its creator's wiſdom and goodneſs.

An

An attentive man ſees wonders, and diſcovers new beauties, every ſtep that he advances. He penetrates into the arcana of nature, and plainly perceives new charms, which to others appear totally confuſed and indignoſcible. He enjoys the benign warmth of the ſun, temperated with the cooling breath of the zephyrs. Superficial obſervers are ſtruck only with what is vaſt and ſtrikingly-glorious; but he finds the divine wiſdom as conſpicuous in the ſmalleſt inſect, as in one of the rolling orbs of heaven: as he exerciſes his body, his mind is feaſted with the moſt luxurious food. He ſeems not only to thirſt, but to hunger alſo after knowledge. Can ſuch a rational appetite be gratified ſo well in towns as in the country? Where can he learn to know his maker and himſelf ſo well? Many cits there are who have all ſenſe but *common* ſenſe. But the generality of them are guided by caprice, faſhion, and the prevailing taſte of the times. Their reaſon is ſtupified, their judgment biaſſed, and their minds involved in a vortex of ſmoke. When *Peter* denied his divine maſter, the cock crew. But in the language of a cit, he neighed. Therefore, as in the metropolitan phraſe, the *Cock neighs*, the metropolitants are ſtiled *Cockneys*. But I deviate a little; let me (if you pleaſe) return. Gladly do I re-viſit the country. The man of fortune likewiſe finds in the country more ſolid happineſs, real pleaſures, and rational amuſements, than he can poſſibly enjoy in a town. Agriculture, garden-

gardening, riding, fiſhing, reading, contemplation, and ſometimes hunting, are ſurely ſuperior to feaſts, balls, operas, riots, gaming, lounging, killing of time, &c. &c.

I had, laſt night, in company with a gentleman and two ladies, a moſt enchanting walk in the *Iſle* of *Wight*, one of the pleaſanteſt ſpots in Europe.

As we aſcended the downs, the proſpect grew richer and more extenſive. You have a view of the ſhips of war at Spithead, the town of Portſmouth, Portſdown-Hill, Chicheſter ſteeple, Calſhiot caſtle, Southampton-river, &c. on the oppoſite ſhore. While all theſe objects are greatly ſurpaſſed by the chearful verdure of woods, fields and meadows, on this ſide of the water. The downs, covered with chearful green, appear ſoft as velvet, and have the moſt pleaſing riant aſpect imaginable. They appear as guardians of the fertile vales below; they ſhelter them from the inclemency of the weather, from the chilling blaſts of the north, and from the noxious effects of blights. Here the ſweet emblems of innocency, the lambs, bound, ſkip, and play —Voracious, cruel man! How canſt thou butcher theſe meek animals to ſatisfy thy all devouring appetite? Here the zephys fan their odoriferous wings; and the fields below, out of gratitude to the hills, exhale their rich perfumes. From hence you ſee ſhips conſtantly paſs and repaſs, the great links which unite nations together.—But how ſhall I deſcribe

that

that glorious orb the ſun, bidding us a ſolemn farewell in the weſt! No wonder that ſome nations worſhip him, the *creature*, inſtead of his *creator*. How amazingly does cuſtom reconcile every thing to us!——ſhould a man born blind, inſtantaneouſly be endued with the faculty of ſeeing, and this fiery globe, juſt immerging in the ocean, burſt upon his ſight, how aſtoniſhed, how terrified muſt he be! Yet how many thouſands of inattentive beings behold his dazzling brilliancy with the moſt incurious negligence, and ſhameful ingratitude! After the departure of this luminous body, the empreſs of the night began to diſplay her ſilver light. All animals retired to reſt, except the mournful Philomel, who, in plaintive notes, highly relates her tale of woe!——In ſhort, deſcription, particularly from ſo incompetent a pen, muſt be inſipid; all you who can, come and taſte theſe rational delights of ſylvan life.

Ye tun-bellied aldermen—ſpider-legged macaronies—purſe-proud nabobs—care-worn merchants—ſhaggy-bearded money-making Iſraelites—knee-bending, fawning paraſites—bifrontic courtiers---magnifying tradeſmen---wit-fed garretteers, and the whole numerous tribe of the numbſculls, leave the ſtupifying air of the city, and take a brain purging doſe of the country air. Live not like mechanical engines, but let the world know that you have ſouls, though ever ſo narrow. If you conſtantly breathe the air of the town, you ought

ought to have your throats ſwept at leaſt as often as your chimneys Fiſhes which live in muddy water, you know, taſte muddy; likewiſe they who breathe nothing but the ſmoke of coals, muſt have their brains more or leſs impregnated with their fumes.

Only make an excurſion into the country, and viſit the dwelling of ſome happy cottager, and if your ſenſitive faculties are not totally impaired, you will admire and envy his ſituation; you will find healthy, lively, full of ſpirits, free from care and perturbation of mind: his children, like young Cupids, or roſy Bacchus, full of mirth and play: his wife the very pattern of induſtry and œconomy: could you, according to the Pythagorean ſyſtem, barter ſouls with him, and ſtep into his body, you would fancy yourſelf in the Elyſian Fields, or revelling at the ambroſial feaſts of the gods; you would then enjoy life, and the trueſt ſimplicity, and according to the gracious intention of your creator.

But, after all, perſons of real underſtanding, and true worth, will not think themſelves included in the eſſential diſtinction which I have made between citizens and country people. A true chriſtian philoſopher is a citizen of the world, and is happy either in town or country.

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF MAN

Thro' the various

STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

HE that deſires no ſuperfluity and wants for no neceſſary is the happieſt man on earth. It is in vain to commiſerate a perſon who does not feel himſelf unhappy; and wrong to account any one happy who feels miſerable. That man is rich who thinks he abounds; and he is contented who ſlights misfortunes. The diſcontented rich are poor; and thoſe unhappy, whom ſmall misfortunes ſubdue.

The man addicted to ſorrow is not joyful in proſperity; and a rich miſer may live worſe than a beggar. Fortune, in itſelf, is neither good nor bad, but as we comport with it. And, in this ſenſe, every man makes his own fortune.

If loſſes happen to a friend, we condole with him, but if he is neither dejected nor made miſerable by them, can we condole with him in this ſituation

ſituation? We ſhould rather felicitate him upon his coming off victorious after an engagement. Misfortunes touch not him who does not feel them.

On the other hand, we may think to felicitate a friend upon ſome great good luck, and find him unhappy; ſome ſmall accident may have ruffled his mind, and rendered him inattentive to his good fortune. In this caſe our intended congratulation may juſtly be turned into condolance; for, though his diſaſters are ſlender, yet they are afflicting, if he lays them to heart. It is not the thing in itſelf that torments us, but the thoughts and feelings we have of it. If we arm ourſelves, and make a ſtand againſt misfortunes, we ſuffer the leſs. He who valiantly meets his enemy, often obtains an honourable capitulation. It is always a comfort and an honour to meet misfortunes bravely; for no man can prove his courage but by trial.

To ſhew that good or bad fortune is juſt as it is felt, we need only reſume the conſideration of maſter and ſervant; for maſters in general, appear no happier than their ſervants. We are not to look for contentment in palaces alone, but may as well find it in huts. I one day viſited two particular perſons. The firſt was maſter of an elegant houſe and garden: I aſked him if he expected good fruit that year? He anſwered, he could ſay nothing of his

his garden, becauſe he ſcarce ever went out of his bed-chamber. The ſecond was ſo confined in a little dark room, that I thought him incommodiouſly lodged; but he found many conveniences which I could not ſee in this cloſe apartment. He told me how ſtill and quiet his chamber was; that it enjoyed the ſummer's ſun, and felt no winter's blaſt. Among other things, he ſhewed me his pleaſure-garden, which conſiſted of a few flower-pots ranged on the outſide of his window; then aſked me what I thought of his habitation. I aſſured him, I was juſt come from a gentleman of fortune, who did not enjoy ſo many conveniences. Indeed, a gentleman may be poor in the midſt of plenty; but to be diſcontented with riches is accumulated poverty.

We muſt not judge a thing to be great or little, with regard to our own opinions, but as it affects the poſſeſſor. A man may be more juſtly congratulated upon poſſeſſing what we think a trifle, than upon enjoying what we eſteem a ſubſtantial good; provided the poſſeſſor be delighted with the former, and diſreliſhes the latter. If a perſon purchaſes a title, he may appear to us deſerving of commiſeration; becauſe he parts with his money, which we call a good, to buy an empty name, or ſhadow of a thing; yet, if the perſon is really and internally rejoiced at his purchaſe, it proves no ſhadow to him, but a ſubſtance; for a man's mind is his king-

kingdom. The purchaſer beſtows his money well, who remains ſatisfied with his bargain.

If a misfortune befall us, and we think it well it was no worſe, the hurt cannot be great. An emperor of Japan, being born under the conſtellation of the *dog*, conceived ſuch an affection for the canine ſpecies, that he ordered, whenever a dog died, the owner of him ſhould carry the carcaſs to a certain burying-ground, appointed for that purpoſe. As a gentleman was one day ſweating under the load of his dead dog, and complaining of the hardſhip of the order, his friend, to comfort him. ſaid, "We have reaſon to thank God that the em-"peror was not born under the *horſe*; for a horſe "would have been a much heavier burden." Could any ancient Greek philoſopher have moraliſed better upon the occaſion?

There is nothing more ſtrange, and at the ſame time more common, than for one man to judge of another by his own taſte. We hear, every day, one neighbour cenſuring another for his manner of life; though nobody can determine which of the two leads the beſt, whilſt each of them follows his own inclination. We ſay to a proverb, "Every man as "he likes;" and whoever lives according to his own liking always lives happily; though, in his neighbour's eye, he may appear to live miſerably. He who follows his own inclination is happy.

When

When we cenſure another's manner of eating and drinking, his ſtudies or his labours, his ſolitary or ſociable life, &c, it is no better than ſaying, "Regulate your appetite according to mine; and, "though your taſte and conſtitution may be dif-"ferent, yet live as I and others do." This is downright tyranny, and making one man the tormentor of another; for to deprive me of what I like, is robbing me of my choice and natural liberty. He who would regulate other people's taſte according to his own, behaves likes a child who ſays to his bird, "Thou ſhalt ſleep in my own bed;" then puts the little creature into his boſom, goes to bed with it, and finds it dead in the morning.

Thoſe, who exhort others to live after their manner, conſider not that they reliſhed in their youth, the very things they diſliked in advanced age; and now follow with pleaſure the ſtudies they formerly diſliked. To compel old people to uſe their youthful recreations would be robbing them of their preſent enjoyments. "*Other* times, *other* matters; "*other* minds, *other* pleaſures." I had formerly pleaſure in dancing, for which at preſent I find no reliſh; and, if any man cenſures me for this, he may as well find fault with me for growing *older*.

THE EFFECTS

OF VANITY.

IN

BOTH SEXES.

Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. SOLOMON.

THERE is, I apprehend, ſcarcely any perſon exiſting but has ſome degree of this paſſion; it is a principle interwoven with the conſtitution of the human frame, and is ever diſcovering itſelf; the ſeeds of it appear very early in children, and it does not forſake us even at the moſt advanced age. In ſome reſpects, and in a certain degree, it is productive of the happieſt effects, and may be conſidered as the ſource of the moſt engaging, if not the beſt actions.

A deſire of being praiſed or admired, is almoſt univerſal, and the moſt ſhining and brilliant actions often owe their exiſtence to this motive. To this paſſion

paſſion is owing the almoſt univerſal power that flattery has over the minds of even the wiſeſt men. The Miſer will give largely when there are a multitude of witneſſes, if he thinks it will gain him the reputation of being generous. The man who has no pretenſions to true fortitude of mind, will often venture and riſque a great deal, to eſtabliſh his character for courage The Philoſopher will devote his time to ſtudy, and beſtow the moſt intenſe application on dry metaphyſical ſubjects, not ſo much from any pleaſure he finds in ſuch purſuits, or a deſire to benefit mankind, as from the flattering expectation, that the world will give him credit for ſuperior underſtanding and more extenſive knowledge than others, and that his name and reputation will ſurvive to future ages.

The man of a gay turn, and looſe principles, will not uncommonly engage in the faſhionable vices and follies of the age, not from any inclination he has to, or ſatisfaction he receives from them, but that he may be thought a man of faſhion and gallantry. And the conceited coxcomb will oftentimes ſpare no pains or expence to adorn his perſon, and nicely to adjuſt every part of his dreſs, to acquire the reputationof a man of taſte, and be conſidered by thewomen as a pretty fellow. Though I aſſert none are totally exempt from this paſſion, yet there are very different degrees of it. If carried to exceſs, in ſome inſtances it is the bane of human

man happineſs, and productive of the worſt conſequences; and it not unfrequently renders perſons of good abilities, or perſonal beauty, contemptible and ridiculous.

The beſt foundation of ſocial happineſs is a benevolent heart, a deſire of promoting the true welfare of mankind, and an extenſive charity. But the heart that poſſeſſes much natural tenderneſs, will generally attach itſelf moſt fondly and unreſervedly to one object: and this is called Love. Yet even in this paſſion, there is always ſome ſhare of vanity. I have ever conſidered ſuch an attachment to an amiable ſenſible woman (where the heart meets with an equal return) as a kind of food for the ſoul. It concentrates the affections, gives a ſoftneſs and ſerenity to the mind, and in young perſons of good principles, is the beſt preſervative againſt vice and criminal indulgences. But coquetry, or a deſire to deceive others, by endeavouring to perſuade them by our looks, manner, or words, that we entertain this paſſion for them, when it is a ſtranger to our breaſts, from the hope and expectation of raiſing it in theirs, has its origin in Vanity, and is truly ungenerous and baſe.

It is ſaid, that "Love begets Love;" the meaning of which is, that we are naturally inclined to entertain an affection for thoſe who, we are ſatisfied, have the ſtrongeſt regard for us, and whoſe ſtudy

and delight it is to oblige us. Such a regard operates very forcibly on the mind: it flatters our ſelf-love, raiſes us in our own eſtimation, and we eaſily give ſuch perſons credit for great diſcernment. We are pleaſed with the preference given us, and inſenſibly acquire a partiality for thoſe that ſhew it; and oftentimes (though not always) it is the cauſe of a ſolid affection inthe heart. Yet notwithſtanding Vanity very generally leads moſt perſons (eſpecially females of much beauty or great accompliſhments) to aim at gaining a great number of admirers, it is a certain truth, that to have the ſole poſſeſſion of one heart, fond, generous and conſtant, is of greater importance to true happineſs, and yields a more ſubſtantial ſatisfaction to the mind, than the flattering compliments and praiſes, or the attention and admiration, of the multitude, who are alone pleaſed with objects that are always new.

There are thoſe who maintain, that happineſs is not to be found in the marriage ſtate. They ſuppoſe that the deſire of novelty, and an inclination to change, are general; and that poſſeſſion will univerſally cloy, and extinguiſh deſire. Others aſſert, that it is very rarely to be met with, whilſt on the other hand, I know many are of opinion, that there are a great number who experience the greateſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction in that relation. As to the firſt of theſe ſentiments, I am cõnfident it is not founded in truth, though it is one of the max-

ims

ims of Rochefoucault, (who well knew the human heart) "that there are *convenient* marriages, but no "happy ones." There are, however, not a few who can from experience contradict the aſſertion; and it would be dreadful indeed, were it true. Yet I have ever thought the number comparatively inconſiderable; though at the ſame time I am perſuaded, that in the middling ranks of life, there are many who think themſelves happily married, becauſe (perhaps fortunately for them) they have no nice feelings or ſtrong paſſions; they poſſeſs little ſenſibility, and are ſatisfied with the behaviour of each other, provided it is tolerably civil and obliging. That there is not more felicity enjoyed by married perſons of good education and ſolid underſtanding, who from a mutual affection founded on real eſteem become united, is much to be lamented; and one of the principal cauſes is, I verily believe, an exceſs of Vanity, which prevents their being perfectly ſatisfied with the love of an individual.

Is a woman endowed with a good underſtanding, poſſeſſed of many agreeable and deſirable accompliſhments and a conſiderable ſhare of beauty; if an agreeable, deſerving man is captivated by her charms, and by his actions and the whole of his behaviour diſcovers an unbounded fondneſs, ſhe will not fail to be pleaſed to ſee the power ſhe has over him: ſhe may perhaps return his love, and readily beſtow on him her hand and her heart, and thereby make him for a time truly happy. If he

is a man of much tenderneſs and ſweet natural temper, and his love for her is ſtrongly fixed in his ſoul, how kind will be his behaviour! how great his attention to, and how unremitting his endeavours to pleaſe her! What ſhould prevent ſuch perſons from experiencing all that ſatisfaction and delight which the conjugal ſtate is certainly capable of yielding? The moſt common and caſual cauſe is Vanity, either on one ſide or the other. Fatal paſſion! that has robbed thouſands of true felicity: whilſt they have graſped at a ſhadow, they have irrecoverably loſt the ſubſtance.

Monſieur St. Evremond, a French Writer, has concluded one of his eſſays with affirming, "that "the laſt ſighs of a handſome woman are not ſo "much for the loſs of her life as of her beauty." This is a bold aſſertion, and is by no means ſtrictly true; yet, in general, beauty is what the female ſex moſt value themſelves upon, and what they part from with the greateſt reluctance. This leads them to the uſe of many arts, to conceal or ſupply the defects that Time makes in the features or complexion.

It is certain that many an accompliſhed woman who is united to ſuch a man as I have deſcribed, notwithſtanding ſhe prefers him to every other perſon in the world, and is not inſenſible of his kindneſs and indulgence, is led by Vanity to entertain a ſtrong

a ſtrong deſire to make conqueſts, and gain the hearts of others. The paſſion ſhe has inſpired in the breaſt of one man, (and which ſhe ſees with pleaſure has produced ſuch powerful effects) ſhe thinks ſhe is capable of raiſing in the boſoms of others. She earneſtly longs for general admiration, and is mortified if her beauty does not gain her the particular attention of men of faſhion and gallantry. To produce this effect, ſhe ſtudies to dreſs and adorn her perſon in the moſt becoming manner: her thoughts, her time and attention, are engroſſed by her endeavours to ſhine in public companies, and appear to the greateſt advantage; every look is ſtudied, and every motion performed, to ſtrike the eyes of the beholders; and ſhe diſcovers the greateſt ſatisfaction at the compliments paid to her perſon or her taſte.

Such a woman may have no view but to gratify her Vanity; ſhe may perhaps ſhudder at the idea of conjugal infidelity, and refrain from every action which the world calls criminal. But if ſhe would exerciſe her underſtanding and calmly reflect on the tendency of her conduct, ſhe muſt ſee that the worſt conſequences may ariſe from ſuch a mode of life. It certainlyand naturally has a tendency to produce a diſreiliſh for domeſtic pleaſures, and will by degrees weaken her attachment to the man ſhe has choſen for her partner for life, and make her view him with in-difference and unconcern.

AN

EPISTOLARY DESCRIPTION

OF A

SUMMER'S MORN.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds. MILTON.

SIR,

IN my late viſit to our good friend at——for a few days, I awoke one morning pretty early, and it being very fine and clear weather, I reſolved to ſhake off the ſlumbers of the night, and to indulge myſelf with a rural ramble, where I might behold the beauties of the opening morn, taſte the ſweets of the odoriferous gardens, gratify my ear with the warbling grove, and at the ſame time regale my immortal powers with the ſublime pleaſures of ſacred contemplation. With this determination, I purſued my courſe to——, when I could not refrain breaking forth, "How inexpreſ-"ſibly pleaſant to rove abroad at this ſilent hour! "univerſal nature ſlumbers all around! *Silence* and *Obſcurity*, antient twins, have for ſeveral hours reigned over the creation; but, darkneſs will quickly

" quickly be dethroned, and entirely buried amidſt
" the blaze of day; for, as *Milton* ſays,

" Now Morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime,
" Advancing, ſows the earth with orient pearl."

" Still ſilence now ſways her antient ſceptre, nor
" will ſhe for ſeveral hours be ſwallowed up and loſt
" amidſt the noiſe and buſtle of tumultous life.
" Not a breeze is heard! all is calm and ſerene!
" how ſuitable ſuch a ſituation and ſeaſon as this,
" to converſe with GOD and my own ſoul! Diſ-
" engaged from all the concerns of life, remote
" from all the gay images of an alluring world, I
" would now ſpend a few moments in the nobleſt
" of all employments. And can I be unmindful,
" O thou Father of all mercies, ſpiritual and tem-
" poral! how can I but remember, and gratefully
" acknowledge thy goodneſs, in preſerving me
" through the dangers of the night paſt! It is thou
" who made ſleep ſweet and refreſhing to my weak-
" ly frame, after the fatigues and mental labours of
" the preceding day; that ſupported the unwor-
" thieſt to ſpeak with boldneſs, the greatneſs of the
" love and kindneſs of a glorious Redeemer to fallen
" men. *What ſhall I render unto thee, O thou pre-*
" *ſerver of men!* The day is thine, the night alſo
" is thine, which I have paſſed ſecure from all its
" ſurrounding caſualties: my bed might have been
" made my tomb, and I called to the bar of a juſt

"GOD! Was I prepared for my diſſolution, for my "exchange of worlds? Would Death, though in "ever ſo terrifying a form, have been my everlaſt-"ing gain? How does it become me every night "I recline upon my pillow, to reflect upon my "latter end, and anticipate death, though at the "remoteſt diſtance! May I, may my friend, may "all for whom we are concerned, be always ready "to meet death in whatever form, or at whatever "ſeaſon, the grim meſſenger may arrive; when "we ariſe from our beds, we ſpring as it were into "new life, oh that we could ſay, *into newneſs "of life.*"

Yonder my eyes behold the ſun riſing with matchleſs ſplendour, and *rejoicing as a giant to run his race*; how brilliant and ineffably ſplendid is the great luminary of day! riſing to add pleaſure to the lawn, and gently ripen the grain in the neighbouring fields. The innocent ſongſters of the grove have relinquiſhed their verdant habitations, and ſeem to aſſemble by appointment, to join in univerſal concert to their adorable Maker's praiſe. A few minutes ago my eyes glanced upon a *Linnet*; I watched its motions, ſaw it hop from ſpray, to ſpray, and ſwell its little throat in many a tuneful lay. The *Sky Lark* riſing, higher and higher ſtill, detaches the moſt melodious ſtrains through the vaſt expanſe of heaven; while the *Thruſh*, the *Black bird*, and the *Gold Finch*, all caſt in their agreeable mites

mites, each attempting to ſtrike the loudeſt notes to render the harmony compleat. And are theſe little choriſters ſo pleaſing and rapturous to my ears! what then (was the language of reflection) muſt be the ſublime and everlaſting ſongs of the ſaints in light! What a faint repreſentation does this vocal miſcellany afford me of that auguſt band of angels and glorified ſpirits, which continually ſurrounds the great JEHOVAH's throne! It reminds me, indeed, of the *heavenly* world; but alas! how ſcanty are my conceptions of thoſe celeſtial employments, after my moſt accurate inſpections into the volume of nature! Are the exerciſes of the upper world ſo delightful to our apprehenſions, while at ſo remote a diſtance? then how inexpreſſible muſt be the delight to enter the unclouded viſion, and moſt conſummate fruition of the incomprehenſible God! May I, and may you, my dear friend, be concerned to attempt ſomewhat of the ſongs of the new Jeruſalem, while we dwell in this ſtrange land.

I muſt abruptly conclude at preſent, with thoſe lines of Dr. *Young*, which you have ſo often heard me admire;

O may we breathe no longer than we breathe
Our ſouls in praiſe to him who gave our ſouls,
With all their infinite of proſpects fair!

A

PASTORAL RHAPSODY,

OR

Palemon's reflections on Man.

OLD *Palemon*, ſeated on the brow of a hill, was warming himſelf by the rays of the ſun, and contemplating at the ſame time the wonders of nature. Nature, though always the ſame, is always pleaſing, and ſeems always to have new charms. *Palemon* had often before ſurveyed and admired the face of nature; *Palemon* ſaw, and ſtill admired it: How beautiful is nature! His ſon *Lycidas*, who was with him, and was delighted to ſee him ſo contented, at length interrupted his ſilence, and put him in mind of his having promiſed a ſong: With all my heart, ſon, replied *Palemon*; I now find myſelf in better ſpirits than uſual; Hark! and thus he began to ſing:

How

How ſweet it is to be virtuous! The juſt man is the happieſt man. For him the earth adorns herſelf with a thouſand colours, and makes the gayeſt and ſweeteſt-ſcented flowers to ſpring up: For him her precious harveſts ripen into their yellowiſh hue: For him the autumn teems with the moſt delectable fruits: For him, alſo the winter comes, as it were, to ſtupify the earth in drowſineſs; and, by lulling her into a profound ſleep, recruits her ſtrength by its rigours, eaſes her of her pains by putting a ſtop to her fertility, and renders her more fruitful, ſoon after, for diſplaying all her treaſures. How ſweet it is to be virtuous!

The juſt man is the happieſt man. For him the ſun illumines the fields: For him, we ſee him firſt ſhed, with ſo much pomp, his new-born light; the earth was, a moment ago, inveloped by profound night; the darkneſs, by which ſhe was encompaſſed, veiled from our eyes the ſight of all her riches; but ſhe ſuddenly iſſues from her grave; nature revives with day; already Aurora, cloathed with roſes, announces its return; the ſun then appears and gilds the tops of mountains; all is light, all bears the reſemblance of fire. Soon will he viſit theſe fields: Already the flocks fly from his heat, and ſeek the freſhneſs of the ſhade; already the weary ſwain repairs to the firſt leafy tree, to throw himſelf on a bed of green turf within the arms of ſweet repoſe; whilſt the ſun, darting on

all

all ſides his ſcorching beams, ripens our ears of corn, beſtows fire and colour on our fruits, gives birth to the moſt beautiful flowers, and inriches them with that juice, that precious juice, which the induſtrious bee carefully collects for elaborating honey of the moſt exquiſite flavour. For the juſt likewiſe, and for procuring him a more tranquil ſleep, already the ſun puts an end to his brilliant courſe; he reaſcends the mountains he had deſcended in the morning; already their ſhadows extend in width, and line our vallies with mourning; already a miſt ſkims nature over with obſcurity; the ſun has withdrawn its luſtre; he diſappears; the night comes; but the juſt is not then abandoned: To return in ſafety to his cot, and to guard him on his way againſt maleficent animals, thouſands of fires are kindled up in the heavens, and amidſt them preſides in ſplendid majeſty the ſilvered moon: At firſt ſhe ſhews but a part of her white light: next, more and more ſhe unveils her pale orbit; at length, ſhe expoſes to our eyes her intire lamp, and ſeems to pride herſelf in it: How ſweet it is to be virtuous.

For the juſt, exiſts nature, charming and beautiful nature: The divine Author of all beings did form her for him: Every thing is for the juſt; the juſt is the cauſe and end of all thoſe miracles. How ſweet it is to be virtuous!

The

The wicked, it is true, ſhares with the juſt the light of the day. The night ſtretches her ſable mantle over the one as well as the other: over the one as well as the other, Providence ſhowers down its benefits. But virtue and vice admit of great diſcriminations. Enjoyment proves the goodneſs of a thing, and makes us happy. The ſame preſents of Heaven, that conſtitute the felicity of the juſt, who knows how to enjoy them, are a ſource of ills for the wicked that abuſes them. That liquor ſo ſweet, ſo neceſſary to the induſtrious man; that precious nectar, which gives him a new ſupply of ſtrength, and makes light to him the heavieſt labours; becomes a poiſon, a mortal juice, a hurtful and bitter beverage, to thoſe that quaff it to exceſs. It diveſts them of the ſtrength its deſign was to preſerve to them; and, far from invigorating them, renders their limbs weak and tottering.

The juſt man is the happieſt man. He apprehends no miſhap: Unacquainted with fortune, her caprices are unknown to him. He is conſtantly happy; God conſtantly protects him. His field is always fertile; his grateful grounds exceed always his wiſhes, and multiply whatever he has confided to them: His trees are always loaded with fruits: His hut is always embelliſhed with green foliage; for him, for his pleaſure, a thouſand birds of all kinds join to produce the melody of the ſweeteſt notes; his herds and flocks multiply; every

every night and morning, his cows come with a a ſlow pace and udders diſtended with milk, to bring him this the ordinary tribute of their gratitude: At break of day, his docile oxen are ready to ſerve him, and ſtretch of themſelves their ſtout necks to the yoke preſented to them. His faithful dog is always by his ſide; or, if he leaves him, it is to aſſemble about him his ſcattered flocks, or to reſcue from the enemy the prey he had ſurpriſed: Then, quite joyous, he returns to receive the careſſes and benefactions of his maſter; he is ſeen to turn inceſſantly about him, to wag his tail, and to be very ſolicitous in ſhewing him the moſt ſenſible marks of his zeal and attachment. How ſweet it is to be virtuous!

The juſt man is the happieſt man. His life, glides on as peaceably as the undiſturbed water of a clear rivulet ſlowly flow through meadows enamelled with flowers. As they do, the juſt marks his paces by benefits, and leaves after him felicity, plenty, and joy; as they alſo, he is thirſted after, deſired, cheriſhed, and regretted. Wherever he goes, hearts ſeems flying to attend upon his ſteps: The father ſhews him to his ſon, and dies content to ſee him ſo well replaced; like unto the rays of the ſun, which, after a gloomy ſtorm, break out to recreate with their preſence, and animate by their warmth, the languid and lifeleſs fields, the

juſt

juſt brings every-where along with him feſtivity, happineſs, and comfort.

And, indeed, all-gracious Providence watches over all his ways. It grants him wife and good parents to rear him in his infancy, to be careful of him in his weak ſtate, and to form him to virtue: More advanced in years, they form him to exertions of ſtrength and hardy life, and put him in a condition of being a help to his parents already infeebled, and of repaying them all he had received from them: But nature ſoon ſpeaks: her tender and pure heart ſeeks after an union, and feels the want of a companion: Soon does a worthy ſpouſe appear to ſatify and content his innocent deſires: Love, the chaſteſt love, comes to link them in its ſofteſt bonds; at laſt, they conſent and unite for ever: A lovely and numerous poſterity is the fruit of ſuch ſacred nuptials; their whole care is taken up in conſulting the welfare of their children, that hereafter they may deſerve a juſt return: Years multiply; this virtuous couple bend inſenſibly, and at length fall under the weight of years: Regretted by their own offspring, and ſatisfied with them, they die as peaceably as they lived. Such is the life of the juſt; ſuch are the rewards awaiting virtue.

God loves the juſt man. He grants him a thriving infancy, a healthy youth-age, and an amiable old

old-age. He gives him wiſe parents, a chaſte wife, obedient children, perfect health, fertile grounds, a happy life, and a death replete with conſolation. How ſweet it is to be virtuous *!

The juſt man is the happieſt man. Sometimes, however, a few clouds may darken the ſun-ſhine of his days; ſometimes his happineſs may be checquered with ſome pains and difficulties; but this is an ingenious precaution of Heaven to inform him thoroughly of its value. Whatever reverſe of fortune happens to him, he conſtantly retains,—O the precious good!—the delectable happineſs!—a tranquil heart, an upright mind, a good ſoul that ceaſes not to comfort, by telling him: "Fear nothing, "thou art juſt;" how ſweet it is to be ſo! The juſt man is indeed the moſt happy man.

Tears flow from thine eyes, my ſon, continued the good old man, embracing his ſon: Ah! how I love thee:—Thou art ſenſible of this happineſs:—This painting affects thee; be therefore always juſt, and thou wilt be always happy thy hairs will whiten as mine on thy head; the number of thy years will equal that of mine; thou wilt bend down as I do, and, as I ſhall, thou wilt die happy, and reach the grave in a path of flowers. Be therefore always

* What nothing earthly gives or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine and the heart felt joy
Is *virtue's* prize. POPE.

always juſt; do always good to others; it is the greateſt good thou canſt do; ſtrew with one hand, and with the other thou wilt receive much more.—Be juſt.—The juſt is always happy.

After this ſong, *Lycidas* helped up his father, and, ſupporting his ſteps, led him gently to his cottage. But he never forgot his ſong; he had always a lively ſenſe of it, remembered every word of it, and often repeated it to his children.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know
Virtue alone is happineſs below;
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good, without the fall to ill:

POPE.

ARGUMENTS

AGAINST

POLYGAMY.

Adam had but one Eve.

HAD the great Creator, when he firſt formed the human race, intended to have eſtabliſhed Polygamy, he would undoubtedly have created two or more women for Adam, inſtead of creating *only* one.

The learned and ingenious Dr. *Delay* informs us, that the practice of Polygamy amongſt the Jews, aroſe from a corrupt interpretation of *Leviticus* xviii. 18. But from whatever ſource a cuſtom ſo degrading to human nature ſprang, it is evident it was not univerſally, nor even generally, practiſed by that people.

If Mr. M—— could even prove that Polygamy was ordained under the Moſaick diſpenſation, ſuch

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a command ought not to have any influence on chriſtians, unleſs it was alſo inculcated in the *New* Teſtament; which is the ſole rule of a chriſtian's faith and practice. The chief view in which the *Old* Teſtment is intereſting to us, is as a record of the propheſies relative to the coming of the Meſſiah, and the univerſal prevalence of his kingdom.

When the Phariſees had been interrogating our bleſſed Maſter reſpecting the lawfulneſs of divorces, and pleading the indulgence which Moſes gave to that practice, he replied, *For the hardneſs of your hearts he wrote you this precept. But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female; for this cauſe ſhall a man leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they twain ſhall be one fleſh.* Surely the anſwer which Chriſt here gives to the tempting queſtion of the Phariſees, militates as ſtrongly againſt Polygamy as againſt divorces, and proves it to be the original appointment of the all-wiſe Creator, that *every man ſhould have his own wife, and every woman her own huſband.*

Loſt to every finer feeling of the human ſoul muſt that man be, who can plead in favour of Polygamy; for Polygamy is utterly deſtructive of that virtuous and tender friendſhip, which providence deſigned ſhould ſubſiſt between huſband and wife, who are to walk *as being heirs together of the grace*

of

of life. It reduces the female ſex to the moſt degrading ſtate of ſlavery, treating them merely as the objects of gratifying appetite, inſtead of the faithful and affectionate partners of men's cares and comforts. To be conſidered in ſo ſordid a view, muſt be a ſituation infinitely more painful to a virtuous and delicate female mind, than all the other evils of life. Polygamy, therefore, is an act of the greateſt injuſtice and cruelty towards them.

Great and numerous are the evils which would reſult to ſociety from the toleration of Polygamy. Were a number of women to reſide together in one houſe, who had all an equal right to the perſon of the huſband, jealouſy, envy, and contention, would inevitably prevail amongſt them. The animoſities of the mothers would be inherited by the children; and ſuch a family, inſtead of being a ſeminary of virtue, would be a ſcene in which every paſſion that diſgraces human nature would take place.

The virtuous education of children, which is one important end of marriage, would be utterly impracticable; becauſe children can never be properly educated, when there is not the utmoſt confidence and harmony ſubſiſting between the parents, which is incompatible with a ſtate of Polygamy.

If peculiar rewards await thoſe who are the inſtruments of *turning many to righteouſneſs*; what will be the puniſhment of them, who, by *handling the word of God deceitfully*, encourage men in the practice of that ſenſuality, which it was deſigned to ſubdue?

OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME, ON *Buſineſs, and making Diſpatch.*

Time waſted is exiſtence, *us'd is* life. Dr. YOUNG.

HOW little do we reflect on the uſe and value of time! it is in every body's mouth, but in few people's practice. Every fool, who flatterns away his whole time in nothing, frequently utters ſome trite common-place ſentence to prove, at once, the value and the fleetneſs of time. The ſun dials, all over Europe, have ſome ingenious inſcription to that effect; ſo that nobody ſquanders away their time without frequently hearing and ſeeing how neceſſary it is to employ it well; and how irrecoverable it is if loſt. Young people are apt to think they have ſo much time before them, that they may ſquander away what they pleaſe, and yet have enongh left; as great fortunes have frequently ſeduced people to a ruinous profuſion. But all theſe admonitions

tions are uſeleſs, where there is not a fund of good ſenſe and reaſon to improve as well as to receive them.

Time is precious, life ſhort, and conſequently not a ſingle moment ſhould be loſt. Senſible men know how to make the moſt of time, and put out their whole ſum either to intereſt or pleaſure: they are never idle, but continually employed either in amuſements or ſtudy. It is a univerſal maxim, that idleneſs is the mother of vice. It is, however, certain, that lazineſs is the inheritance of fools, and nothing can be ſo deſpicable as a ſluggard. Cato the Cenſor, a wiſe and virtuous Roman, uſed to ſay, there were but three actions of his life that he regretted: The firſt was, the having revealed a ſecret to his wife; the ſecond, that he had once gone by ſea, when he might have gone by land; and the third, the having paſſed one day without *doing any thing*.

"Take care of the pence, for the pounds will "take care of themſelves;" was a very juſt and ſenſible reflection of old Mr. *Lowndes*, the famous ſecretary of the treaſury, under *William* III. *Anne*, and *George* I. I therefore recommend to you to take care of the minutes; for hours will take care of themſelves. Be doing ſomething or other all day long; and not neglect half hours and quarters of hours, which, at the year's end, amount to a great ſum. For inſtance: there are many ſhort intervals in

in the day, between ſtudies and pleaſures: inſtead of ſitting idle and yawning in thoſe intervals, ſnatch up ſome valuable book, and continue the reading of that book, till you have got through it; never burthen your mind with more than one thing at a time; and in reading this book do not run over it ſuperficially, but read every paſſage twice over, at leaſt do not paſs on to a ſecond, till you thorougly underſtand the firſt, nor quit the book till you are maſter of the ſubject; for unleſs you do this, you may read it through, and not remember the contents of it for a week.

Whatever buſineſs you have, do it the firſt moment you can; never by halves, but finiſh it without interruption, if poſſible. Buſineſs muſt not be ſauntered and trifled with; and you muſt not ſay to it, as Felix did to Paul, "at a more convenient "ſeaſon I will ſpeak to thee." The moſt convenient ſeaſon for buſineſs is the firſt; but ſtudy and buſineſs, in ſome meaſure, point out their own times, to a man of ſenſe. Time is much oftner ſquandered away in the wrong choice and improper methods of amuſement and pleaſures.

Diſpatch is the ſoul of buſineſs; and nothing contributes more to diſpatch, than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and ſtick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts,

accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their reſpective claſſes, ſo that you may inſtantly have recourſe to any one. Lay down a method alſo for your reading, for which you allot a certain ſhare of your mornings; let it be in a conſiſtent and conſecutive courſe, and not in that deſultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read ſcraps of different authors, upon different ſubjects. Keep a uſeful and ſhort common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read hiſtory without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and conſtantly recurred to; without which, hiſtory is only a confuſed heap of facts.

You will ſay, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troubleſome, only fit for dull people, and a diſagreeable reſtraint upon the noble ſpirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and aſſert, on the contrary, that it will procure you both more time and more taſte for your pleaſures; and, ſo far from being troubleſome to you, that, after you have purſued it a month, you will find it troubleſome to lay it aſide. Buſineſs whets the appetite, and gives a taſte to pleaſures, as exerciſe does to food; and buſineſs can never be done without method: it raiſes the ſpirits for diverſions, and a *ſpectacle*, a ball, an aſſembly, will much

ſenſibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has loſt, the preceding part of the day; nay, I will venture to ſay, that a fine lady will ſeem to to have more charms to a man of ſtudy or buſineſs, than to a ſaunterer. The ſame liſtleſſneſs runs through his whole conduct, and he is as inſipid in his pleaſures, as inefficient in every thing elſe.

Many people think that they are in pleaſures, provided they are neither in ſtudy nor in buſineſs. Nothing like it; they are doing nothing, and might juſt as well be aſleep. They contract habitudes from lazineſs, and they only frequent thoſe places where they are free from all reſtraints and attentions. Be upon your guard againſt this idle profuſion of time; and let every place you go to be either the ſcene of rational pleaſures, or the ſchool of your improvements: let every company you go into, either gratify your ſenſes, extend your knowledge, or refine your manners.

If, by accident, two or three hours are ſometimes wanting for ſome uſeful purpoſe, borrow them from your ſleep. Six, or, at moſt, *ſeven* hours ſleep, is, for a conſtancy, as much as any body can want: more is only lazineſs and dozing; and is both unwholeſome and ſtupifying. If, by chance, your buſineſs ſhould keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, riſe exactly at your uſual time, that you may not loſe the precious morning hours; in a word, to prove yourſelf a chriſtian, *be diligent in buſineſs, fervent in ſpirit ſerving the Lord.*

AN

EPISTOLARY EXTRACT,

ON

FRIENDSHIP, AGE, AND DEATH,

By an old Gentleman.

AT length, my *Cleanthes*, that friendſhip which we once divided, is now confined to ourſelves. We have ſeen thoſe who advanced with us along the vale of life, ſink into the grave, and have lived to be the only links of the chain of friendſhip which we helped to conſtitute at our entrance on the world. We have together, in the hours of youth, looked back and deſpiſed the toys of infancy, in our manhood we have ſmiled at the pleaſures of our youth, and are now come to that age in which we look back on all alike, and conſider every proſpect that terminates on *this* ſide the grave, as beneath our notice or regard.

At this ſeaſon of life, one of the moſt conſiderable pleaſures which remain to human nature, is the recollection of the moments which are paſt. Now, whilſt I write, my *Cleanthes*, I recal with ſatisfaction the time in which we were induced, by a parity of ſentiments, to form the ſocial connection, and the ſteady union in which we have paſſed from that hour to the preſent. The time approaches which muſt put a period to our friendſhip. None hope that Providence will extend their lives to an unuſual length but thoſe who fear to die; as for ourſelves, we have reached that age which few are born to attain, and which, in the language of an admired Writer, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter myſelf, that our days have been ſo ſpent, that we have no reaſon to tremble at the thought of our laſt, nor imbitter the remaining part of our life with apprehenſions for the inevitable hour to come.

We have lent the tear of pity to diſtreſs, and alleviated the misfortunes of our fellow creatures; we have neither indulged our paſſions, nor neglected the praiſe we owe the author of our mercies. Why, therefore, ſhould we tremble? We leave a world, whoſe pleaſures we are no longer capable of poſſeſſing; we have paſſed through its enjoyments, and have found them vain; we leave it for the happieſt of ſtates: And yet the tender tie of parents holds us; we muſt leave thoſe whom nature obliges

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us to love: Yet let us remember that we leave them to the care of a divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilſt their minds were yet unformed, or we had conducted them from the budding to the bloom of reaſon.

If at any time a kind of wiſh ariſes which would defer the hour that heaven has allotted for my laſt, it is when I am ſurrounded by my family, and obſerve the looks of tenderneſs which they gratefully beſtow on me; yet ſometimes their being preſent has the oppoſite effect, and I am apprehenſive leſt the moment ſhould not arrive till I mourn the loſs of a child.

I know not that any thing would give more conſiderable amuſement than our reviewing together our paſt lives, and recollecting the dangers we have paſt from the ſtorms of our paſſions, when now time has lulled them to reſt. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various opinions and ideas we have had of the ſame object, and mark the progreſs of the human mind through the different ſtages of life. *Cleanthes*, therefore, who enjoys the bleſſing of health in a more eminent degree than his friend, will haſten to ſee and give him the greateſt ſatisfaction he can poſſibly know.

I write this from the grotto which *Lucinda's* fancy decorated, and where we have paſſed ſo many happy

hours. Providence has taken care to wean us from the love of life by degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened age of manhood before we have more friends in the grave than ſurviving, and from that moment, which is almoſt the firſt of ſerious reflection, we begin to perceive the vanity of human happineſs. It was the will of heaven that I ſhould mourn the loſs of my *Lucinda*, and feel the pang of ſeparation, yet not till we had grown old in love, and ſweetened the greateſt part of our lives with connubial happineſs. Since the retroſpective part of our lives preſents us with nothing which ſhould terrify our imaginations, let us paſs the remaining days which heaven ſhall allot us here below, in calm ſerenity, and in chriſtian reſignation to the divine will.

PALE-

PALEMON,
A IDYL:
Tranſlated from the German of M: GESNER.

HOW does the morning dart its gentle rays through the flexible hazles, and the wild roſe-trees, whoſe ſpreading branches ſhade my window? How merrily does the ſwallow chirp on the beam that ſupports the roof of my cottage? The ſprightly lark alſo mounting aloft, hails with her chearful note the new-born day. Univerſal nature awakes into life and beauty; the ſilver dew has refreſhed the plants, they aſſume a blooming air of youth; and I myſelf ſeem to grow young amidſt this reviving ſcene. My ſtaff, the ſupport of my old age, will bear my tottering ſteps to the door of my hut: There will I ſit with my face turned to the riſing ſun, and caſt my delighted eyes upon the verdure of the meadows.

How beautiful are the objects that ſurround me at this moment! I hear nothing all around me but the voice of gratitude and contentment. The feathered tribes in the air, and the ſhepherd on the plain, expreſs in their ſongs, the joy that fills their enraptured boſoms; and the flocks upon the verdant hills, and in the vales that are watered with gurgling rivulets, proclaim by their lowings the pleaſure that glows within them.

How long, propitious Gods! How long ſhall I yet remain a ſpectator of your works, and a witneſs of your bounty? Already have I ſeen eighty revolutions of the changing ſeaſons; and when I caſt my thoughts back from the preſent moment to that of my birth, when I contemplate that long, but pleaſing period, whoſe commencement eludes the utmoſt efforts of memory, and ſeems to vaniſh into air, ah! what emotions riſe in my heart! Thoſe raptures, which my tongue is unable to utter, thoſe tears of joy, of grateful jóy, that flow down my cheeks, are they not, O ye gracious powers, too faint returns for the bleſſings I have received from your bounty? Flow, ah flow, my tears! Flow apace, and trickle down my cheeks!—When I look behind me upon the race I have run, methinks my paſt life has been like the chearful bloom of a continual ſpring; and that the dark moments which have now and then clouded this vernal ſcene, have only reſembled thoſe thunder-ſhowers which revive

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the verdure of the plains, and give new vigour to the productions of the earth. No fatal contagion has ever diminiſhed the flocks of our paſtures; no dreadful accident has blaſted our trees; no laſting calamity has viſited our cottage.

When, in their infant ſtate, my children ſmiled upon their father; while they ſported in my arms, or when my hand guided and ſupported their uncertain ſteps, ah! then with what tranſporting hopes did I caſt my thoughts forward to a future day? Beholding thoſe tender ſprigs ſhoot up, I looked, in imagination, to their future growth and maturity, and ſhed tears of joy. "I will defend them (ſaid "I) from all hurtful accidents; I will bring them "up with the tendereſt attention and care; the "Gods will bleſs and proſper my endeavours; the "lovely plants ſhall grow apace; they ſhall yield "fruit; they ſhall become trees, and the ſweet "coolneſs of their ſhade ſhall refreſh my feeble "and languid age". While I ſpoke thus, I preſſed them in my arms, and held them cloſe to my breaſt. Now that they are grown, through the bounty of the Gods, to a full maturity, my grey hairs find under their branches a delicious ſhelter. It is thus that I have ſeen the trees grow which I have planted about my cottage, during my youth, and which now produce apples, pears, and nuts in abundance: They ſpread far and wide their aged branches, and afford a pleaſant ſhade to my lowly habitation.

The moſt cruel of all my torments was thy untimely fate, my deareſt *Myrta*, and more eſpecially at that dreadful moment when thy head reclined upon my heaving boſom, thou expiredſt in my embrace. Now has the ſpring adorned, twelve times, thy grave with flowers: But the day, the happy day approaches, when my bones ſhall be laid cloſe by thine. This night, perhaps, will bring to my wiſhes that affecting moment.

I behold with pleaſure my hoary beard undulating upon my breaſt, and bearing witneſs to the uninterrupted bounty of the Gods. Gentle Zephyrs, which flutter about me, don't diſdain to ſport in the ſilver folds which flow from my chin. Thoſe grey hairs are not without their merit; they are not, perhaps, inferior to the fair locks of the youth, who wantons in the prime of life, nor to the brown and ſhining curls that float upon the neck of the tender nymph, whoſe age exhibits the blooming flower of beauty.

Be this auſpicious day, a day of rejoicing to my age! I will gather about me my children; without forgetting my grandſon, who begins to liſp. I will offer a ſacrifice to the Gods: the altar ſhall be placed here at the entrance of my cottage; I will bind my hoary temples with a garland, my feeble fingers ſhall touch the lyre; we will encircle the altar, and ſing in concert a hymn of praiſe. When this is done, I will ſtrew my table with flowers,

and

and then amidſt feſtal joy and chearful converſation, we will feed upon the victim. Having thus ſpoke, *Palemon* roſe with a trembling kind of motion, that aroſe from his weakneſs, and leaning upon his ſtaff, called his children, and celebrated with mirth a feaſt in honour of the Gods.

The evening approached;—*Palemon*, whoſe mind was ſtruck with a holy preſage of what was ſoon to happen, addreſſed himſelf to them in the following manner: "O my children! let us ariſe and go "hence; let us viſit the tomb of *Myrta*—There will "we pour, in pious libation, wine and honey, and "conclude this feſtival with a grateful hymn". Thus ſpake *Palemon*, and immediately they aroſe and went to the tomb. No ſooner were they aſſembled there, than the venerable old man ſeized with a ſudden and ſacred rapture, cried out, "Let us embrace, O my "children, let us embrace". In the midſt of theſe tender and affectionate ſalutations, *Palemon*, claſped in the arms of his children, was turned into a ſtately cypreſs, whoſe ſhade covers to this day the tomb of *Myrta*.

The ſilent moon, who beheld this affecting ſcene, ſtopped ſhort in her courſe. Whoever ſeeks repoſe under the ſhade of this tree, feels a divine extaſy diffuſing itſelf through his heart, and pious tears flow from his eyes.

THE

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

THE hardneſs of the times, ſo much complained of by the world in general at this day, was the cry of the *Romans* in their luxurious ages. Nature requires few things to ſupport it, but ſuch as are eaſily procured: and when we ſigh after the dainties of the rich, and the ſuperfluities of their tables, we do not recollect, that they contribute to corrupt the blood, to impair health, and to ſhorten the duration of human life. Gout, fevers, appoplexies, and that long croud of diſeaſes which hovers round the rich man's gate, render all his luxuries inſipid; he ſits down without an appetite, and the

the idea of not being able to feaſt on his dainties, makes him infinitely more wretched than thoſe who lament the total want of them. He knows not the ſweets of repoſe; for his ſlumbers are perpetually broken, either by the conſequences of an impaired conſtitution, or by ſome ambitious wiſh yet to be gratified. He is tired and fatigued with doing nothing, and the whole day paſſes away in idleneſs, or in the unſettled diſputes of his own mind in what manner he ſhall employ himſelf; nor is he at all eaſy, till ſtrong liquors it may be have deprived him of the power of thinking, as well as acting.

How infinitely more happy is the condition of the ploughman! *Aurora* no ſooner opens the gates of Heaven, and the tuneful lark welcomes her approach in melodious ſongs, then honeſt *Giles* riſes from his peaceful and refreſhing ſlumbers, whiſtles over the enchanting meads beſpangled with the dew of Heaven, and ploughs up the boſom of the clotted earth. Health breathes from every furrow; while the ſatisfaction with which he returns to his homely meals, and the keen appetite with which he eats any thing that is ſet before him, are far more to be envied by the rich, than any thing which *Giles* can poſſibly envy them. No bolus, pill, or lotion, are wanted to keep his body in health; for the bloom of his countenance, the ſtrength of his limbs, the elevation of his ſpirits, and the agility of his whole body, convince the rich what they themſelves want.

The

The labours of the day being finiſhed, he joins in the dance on the green to the ſound of the tabor and pipe, till the night again calls him to his peaceful ſlumbers. No cares perplex his brain, no phantoms of ambition haunt him in the night, and his thoughts in the day are only on his buſineſs, for he has nothing elſe to think on. In ſhort, honeſt *Giles* is, at eighty years of age, more hearty and robuſt than the rich and luxurious man at forty.

Indeed, if men in the middling ſphere of life could but diveſt themſelves of prejudices, which are natural to the contagious air of cities and capital towns, they would ſoon be convinced, that every thing beyond the real neceſſaries of life, which they are ſo apt to ſigh after, would contribute to their miſery more than to their happineſs. When we once ſuffer our wiſhes to ſoar above reaſon, then happineſs, peace, and tranquility, take an eternal farewel of us, and we dive for pearls in a bottomleſs gulph, of which we never more reach the ſurface; or we ſail on the ocean of deſpair, where we meet with nothing but adverſe gales, ſtorms, hurricanes, and tempeſts.

ON

THE CHOICE

OF A

WIFE.

Look before you leap.

AS the attainment of happineſs is the grand ſpring of human actions, I have been often ſurpriſed at that inattention, ſo apparent in the generality of mankind, to the moſt important concern in their lives, the choice of a wife; a choice, on which not only their terreſtrial welfare, but even their everlaſting felicity may depend. Let thoſe, who, in the ardour of unreflecting youth, form gay viſions of ſplendid enjoyments and everlaſting paſſion, conſider that there are requiſites of a nobler kind, without which, when it may be too late, they may find themſelves involved in irretrievable ruin. What melancholy hiſtories have been recorded where manly virtue has been united to a fortune and to miſery; blooming

blooming loveliness sacrificed at the shrine of avarice; or unthinking youth, smitten by exterior charms alone, instead of the attracting graces of modesty, sentiment, and discretion, has become a voluntary victim to insipid, if not to meretricious beauty.

Certainly no prudent person ought to engage in the married state without a sufficiency on one side or the other. That lover cannot enjoy his mistress with a virtuous passion, who would involve her in all the possible consequences of reciprocal poverty. True love never forgets the happiness of its object; for when this ceases to be regarded, it is not the generous tenderness of love, but the unthinking wildness of passion. These observations, however, cannot set aside the just complaints that may be made against the frequency of matches in which beauty or fortune only are regarded. "Beauty", says Lord *Kaims*, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband perhaps more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished".

It

It is unqueſtionably true, that happineſs in the married ſtate depends not on riches nor on beauty, but on good ſenſe and ſweetneſs of temper. A young man who has himſelf a ſufficient fortune, ſhould not always look for an equivalent of that kind, in the object of his love. "Who can find "a virtuous woman", ſays *Solomon*, "for her price "is far above rubies"? The important objects of his enquiry are not whether ſhe has riches, but whether ſhe poſſeſſes thoſe qualifications, which naturally form the amiable wife and the exemplary mother. In like manner, would a parent conduct his daughter to a wiſe and judicious choice of a huſband, he will not ſo much recommend the neceſſity of a fortune, as of virtuous conduct, good temper, diſcretion, regularity, and induſtry. With theſe a husband, if he be of a reputable profeſſion, may improve the fortune of his wife, and render it of much greater advantage to each, than the moſt ample equivalent in money, with the reverſe of theſe qualities. On the contrary, while intereſt pervades every boſom, and is the ſole motive to every union, what can more naturally be expected than unhappy matches? Without a certain congeniality of ſentiment, independent of the adventitious circumſtances of beauty, rank, or fortune, the connubial ſtate is the very oppoſite of a heaven.

Home becomes diſagreeable where there is a diverſity of taſte, temper, and wiſhes; or where thoſe

mental

mental reſources are wanting which invite to converſation, and render it delightful and endearing. Neglect ſucceeds then on the part of the husband, and diſſipation marks the conduct of the wife; happy if diſguſt ſucceed not to inſipidity, and criminality to both. But the ſcenes of wretchedneſs inſeparable from ſuch a ſtate muſt be obvious to every mind. We turn with pleaſure to the exquiſite happineſs which is the reſult of a *virtuous* choice. Home is then delightful, and every moment is replete with ſatisfaction.

But without dwelling longer on this charming theme, permit me to aſk, who would give up the enjoyment of ſuch felicity, for all the gaudy appendages of rank and wealth? What weakneſs of mind does it betray to forfeit "the matchleſs joys of vir-"tuous love", for the ideal pleaſures of affluence, and to be voluntarily wretched, provided we be *richly* ſo!

THE

The moral Virtues of a

TRUE CHRISTIAN.

OR,

No Chriſtianity without Morality.

A True Chriſtian is humble: the Goſpel teaches him, he is only a poor worm crawling on the earth, and that all mankind are his brethren and his equals; but at the ſame time the Goſpel teaches him he is born to love and ſerve God, and capable of enjoying him to all eternity. Such glorious prerogatives exalt and put him in a middle ſtate, between pride and meanneſs; a ſtate that excites neither hatred nor contempt. It is the Goſpel only, can teach us to be thus humble, upright, and devout.

A true Chriſtian is chaſte: he does not ſeduce or debauch the wife or daughter of his neighbour. He

He knows that friendſhip, fidelity, and confidence, are the ſtrongeſt ties of the marriage ſtate; if either of theſe are wanting, it cannot be long without contentions and quarrels; and when the married pair contend and live in a diſorderly manner, they ſeldom have a virtuous offspring: he knows that bad examples from parents ſeldom fail making wicked children; theſe have children in their turn who are corupted in the ſame manner: thus it proceeds without end, ſo true it is, that one evil is productive of many others. Beſides, he knows when a girl is debauched, ſhe is diſhonoured; and a girl who has ſuffered herſelf to be diſhonoured, is not worthy the alliance of an honeſt man; it is very uncommon for her to make a faithful wife, nor is ſhe much diſpoſed to educate her children virtuouſly. He knows finally, a girl, who has been ſeduced, is eaſily ſeduced a ſecond time; that there is but one ſtep from ſeduction to lewdneſs, and that moſt of the vices which exiſt in ſociety, derive their ſource from the lewdneſs of the ſexes.

The true Chriſtian is temperate: he knows, gluttony ſhortens a life which belongs to GOD, to his country, and to his family; that it irritates his deſires, multiplies his wants, augments his expences, and at laſt ruins his fortune: and when gluttony has ruined a man, he has often reſource to unlawful means; and even commits crimes to ſatisfy this pernicious paſſion. He alſo knows glut-

tony

tony and drunkenneſs, not only ruin his body and eſtate, but ſpoil his ſentiments, ſtupify his mind, and makes him incapable of fulfiling the duties of a Chriſtian, of a citizen, of a father, and of a friend; eſpecially drunkenneſs, which may plunge us in the greateſt misfortunes.

A true Chriſtian is diſintereſted, generous, charitable, benevolent, and peaceable. He is diſintereſted in every thing he does, he regards the intereſt of his neighbour as much as his own. He is generous: He does nothing without the candour, the integrity, and the greatneſs of ſoul that characteriſe the true man of honour. He is charitable: he endures the imbecility, he excuſes the faults of his neighbour, he pities his diſtreſſes and afflictions, and relieves him to the uttermoſt of his power. He is truly benevolent: he does all the good he can without any other human motive, than the pure ſatisfaction there is in doing good. He is peaceable: he deteſts all animoſities, quarrels, and every thing tending that way; he tries to keep peace, and to ſmother diſcord wherever he finds it. In ſhort, a true Chriſtian is the father, the brother, and the friend of all mankind, and is the beſt citizen of the ſtate he lives in.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

As diſhonourable as it is pernicious.

THERE is nothing more unjuſt, more baſe, and barbarous than is often practiſed towards women, under the ſpecious names of love and gallantry, as if they had not an equal right with thoſe of the *other* ſex, to be treated with juſtice and honour. What would be thought of a man, who ſhould take advantage of the weakneſs, credulity, complaiſance, or affection of his friend, to ruin at once his innocence, his reputation, his fortune, and peace of mind for ever? Would not every one readily allow, that this was a great piece of villainy? And yet this very practice towards women paſſes for a trifle, the amuſement of a man of gallantry, and is often made the ſubject of boaſt and triumph. This ſeems to proceed from that falſe notion, that every thing is allowable for which natural inclination can be pleaded.

Though our inclinations are not in themſelves evil, but have their proper ends and uſes, they are only

to

to be indulged ſo far, and in ſuch circumſtances, as reaſon, prudence, and the laws of the ſociety to which we belong do allow: when theſe bounds are tranſgreſſed, by whatever partial judgment of the world men eſcape their ſhare of the ſuffering and reproach which falls heavily on the *frail* female ſide, they have generally a much deeper and blacker in that of the guilt.

To be obliged to enter into ſo cloſe an union (as matrimony) with one perſon, while the affections are pre-engaged to another, is certainly the greateſt of all misfortunes, and the ſource of many ſins. But though this ſhould not happen, it is very imprudent and unſafe to indulge an inclination, when it cannot end in an happy union, for no one knows how far their paſſions may carry them, if they once give way to them. There are not a few inſtances of perſons not viciouſly inclined, who have by degrees been drawn into attempts or compliances, which they imagined themſelves utterly incapable of, and which have ended in ruin, grief, and remorſe. Yes, there is nothing which the men of the world do with leſs ſcruple, than uſing their utmoſt endeavours to gain the affections of a woman they happen to like, without regarding at all, what the conſequences of it may be; though ſuch a practice is as utterly inconſiſtent with the true priciples of honour, as with the dictates of right reaſon and religion.

THE

THE

GAMESTERS,

AN

APOLOGUE.

A Gentleman, after having travelled through different parts of the globe, returned at length to his own country. His friends, as uſual in ſuch caſes, flocked round him with eager expreſſions of welcome. "Bleſs me, how happy am I to ſee "you!" cried one and all of them.—"Come, do "tell us ſome of your adventures". After relating to them a number of miraculous circumſtances. "You know, gentlemen, (added he) what a prodigious diſtance it is from this country to that of the *Hurons!*—Well, about twelve hundred leagues farther off, I met with a very ſtrange ſet of men, who often ſit round a table the whole night, and even till the morning is well advanced; but there is no cloth laid for them, nor is there any thing to gratify the appetite.

The

The thunder might rattle over their heads, two armies might engage beſide them, Heaven itſelf might threaten an inſtant chaos, without making them ſtir, or in the leaſt diſturbing them; for they are both deaf and dumb. At times, indeed, they are heard to utter inarticulate ſounds, ſounds, which have no connection with each other, and very little meaning; yet will they roll their eyes at each other in the oddeſt manner imaginable.

Often have I looked at them with wonder; for they never want ſpectators, who are ſeemingly attracted to them by curioſity; and believe me, my friends, I ſhall never forget the horrid countenances which I have obſerved among them upon ſuch occaſions;—countenances, on which were painted by turns, deſpair, rage, and now and then a malignant joy tinctured with uneaſineſs. Sometimes they appear furious as *Bedlamites*, ſometimes terrible and gloomy as the infernal Judges, and ſometimes gaſping with all the anguiſh of a criminal, as he is led to the place of execution.—"Heavens," (exclaimed the friends of our traveller) "what can "be the object of theſe unhappy wretches? Are "they ſervants of the public"?—"No".—"Then "they are in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone"! —"No."—"Of the perpetual motion perhaps"? —"No".—"Oh! now we have it! they are ſent "thither in order to repent of, and to atone for, "their crimes".—"No: you are as much de-

"ceived, my friends, as ever".—"Good God!
"Then they muſt be madmen. Deaf, dumb, and
"inſenſible! What in the name of wonder can
"employ them"?—"Why *Gaming* *, eſpecially
"with *Cards*.

* Gaming like a quickſand, often ſwallows up a man's fortune in a moment. Among many other evils that attend gaming are theſe, loſs of time, reputation, health, fortune, and temper: the ruin of families, defrauding of creditors, and ſometimes the loſs of life itſelf.

What ills have not been done by gaming? See page 28.

AN

AN ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

True Friendſhip is the medicine of Life.

THE greateſt ſweetner of human life is friendſhip, to raiſe this to the higheſt pitch of enjoyment is a ſecret which few can diſcover. Friendſhips, in general, are ſuddenly contracted, and therefore it is no wonder they are eaſily diſſolved: Young perſons have commonly an unguarded frankneſs about them, which makes them the eaſy prey of the artful and experienced; they look upon every perſon who tells them he is their friend to be *really* ſo, and pay that profeſſion of ſimulated friendſhip with an indiſcreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loſs, and often to their ruin.

Beware of theſe proffered friendſhips—receive them with civility, but with great incredulity too,

and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence: do not ſuppoſe that people will become friends at firſt ſight, or even upon a ſhort acquaintance. Real friendſhip is of a ſlow growth, and never thrives unleſs ingrafted upon a ſtock of known and reciprocal merit. There is a kind of nominal friendſhip among young people that is warm for a time, but luckily of ſhort duration; this friendſhip is haſtily produced, by their being together, and purſuing the ſame courſe of riot and debauchery; a fine friendſhip truly! well cemented by drunkenneſs and lewdneſs; it ſhould rather be called a conſpiracy againſt morals and good manners, and be puniſhed as ſuch.

Great difference ſhould be made between companions and friends; for a very complaiſant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and dangerous friend.—People will, in a great degree, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends.—Tell me who you keep company with, and I will tell you who you are. One may reaſonably ſuppoſe that a man who makes a fool of his friend, has ſomething very bad to do, or to conceal; but, at the ſame time that you carefully decline the friendſhip of knaves and fools, (if it can be called friendſhip) there is no occaſion to make either of them your enemies wantonly and unprovoked, for they are numerous bodies.

When

When once we have made choice of a friend, let the care to keep him be equal to the value of the paſſion we enjoy; and let us remember the imperfections of humanity, and expect not too much even from friendſhip itſelf. We may truſt in the ſincerity of a friend, but there are ſecrets which no other heart but our own ſhould be conſcious of; we may reveal many griefs, but a portion ought to be reſerved as a trial of our own fortitude; we may communicate many pleaſures, yet ſtill we have ſome in reſerve; there will be ſeaſons when theſe may amuſe, and when a friend cannot delight:

Friendſhip may be ſubſervient to the nobleſt purpoſes of human life; though it will not allow of direct oppoſition of ſentiment, or the contention of ſuperiority, yet it admits of a generous emulation who ſhall excell in all the amiable virtues that correct mankind in the inviolable union of ſocial benevolence.

A world in purchaſe of a friend, is gain.

Night Thoughts.

CURIOUS PETITIONS,

Univerſally to be regarded.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor, and my Lords the Judges,

The Petition of a Much-abuſed, yet very Innocent Perſon, humbly ſheweth,

THAT your lordſhips unhappy petitioner, though heretofore careſſed, and acknowledged the moſt uſeful and valuable ſervant of mankind, is of late, through ſome unnatural prejudices of education, or corruption of manners, become either ſhamefully neglected, or notoriouſly ill-uſed. And though on all hands his abilities in teaching, and bringing to perfection the greateſt and moſt uſeful deſigns, are acknowledged; yet it is aſtoniſhing to ſee in what uſeleſs and trifling concerns he is engaged by ſome, and what vile and infamous drudgery he goes through for others. Some have employed him many years together in teaching them the art of managing a pack of cards to the beſt advantage;

vantage; the conſequence of which is ruin if they do not ſucceed, and infamy if they do; whereas, if they had ſo pleaſed, he would with leſs trouble have taught them to conduct an army or a fleet, by which they might have gained advantages to their country, and glory to themſelves. Others drag him at their heels from one place of idle amuſement to another, never conſidering how he exhauſts his ſpirits, and conſumes himſelf in following them; nor ſuffering him to do them any ſubſtantial ſervice, though they know him to be ſo well qualified for it. Nay, it can be proved that daily attempts are made upon the life of your ſaid petitioner; ſome being ſo abandoned as to confeſs their barbarous and unnatural deſign to murder him, and openly and without ſhame, ſollicit their vile companions to join with them in the wicked deſign; inſomuch that your petitioner is obliged to go conſtantly armed with a very formidable weapon*; the terror of which though it ſerves to keep ſome in awe, is yet not ſufficient to deter theſe deſperate wretches from their determined and conſtant attempts to kill him.

The many cruel wounds your petitioner has received from the hands of theſe ruffians have brought upon him numberleſs evils and calamities; which, together with the weight of years he now labours under, render his preſent ſtate a ſcene of misfortunes and miſery. In the midſt of theſe diſtreſſes, however, it is matter of great conſolation to your ſaid peti-

* Conſcience.

tioner, that the wiſe and virtuous, ſome few of whom remain to comfort his old age, take every opportunity of cheriſhing and making much of him, and agree in commiſerating his misfortunes, and lamenting the ill-uſage he receives from the aforeſaid fooliſh and abandoned profligates. But notwithſtanding theſe noble examples, ſuch is the force of cuſtom, and the prevalence of faſhion, that every poſſible outrage ſtill continues to be committed with impunity againſt the perſon of your abuſed petitioner, the moſt ancient and moſt uſeful ſervant of mankind.

It is therefore moſt humbly prayed, that your lordſhips will take the premiſes into your ſerious conſideration, and in your great wiſdom contrive ſome effectual means or laws to prevent or puniſh theſe groſs inſults, and unpardonable outrages, committed againſt an old man, paſt the beſt of his years, hourly declining, and daily expecting to reſign his being to one * who will never forget the injuries done to his predeceſſor.

And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, ſhall pray for the increaſe of your happineſs to the end of

TIME.

* Eternity.

A COUNTER PETITION.

To the Right Honourable the Chancellor, and my Lords the Judges.

My Lords,

WHEREAS a petition was lately delivered in to your lordſhips, by one *Time*, wherein the petitioner complains of ſeveral hardſhips and abuſes, which he has ſuffered, and appeals to your lordſhips for ſpeedy redreſs; I humbly beg leave to put in an exception; wherein I ſhall make it appear to your lordſhips, that the petitioner or plaintiff, in this caſe, is a fellow of too infamous and notorious character to be any ways deſerving of your lordſhips protection.

The petitioner, my lords, alledges, that he has been cruelly abuſed by ſeveral of his majeſty's good ſubjects, who have treated him in a moſt cruel and inhuman manner, and have even attempted to murder him; when at the ſame time he is thoroughly ſatisfied, it is not in their power to take away his life; and he only laughs at, and torments them, and makes every moment of their days uneaſy. He himſelf indeed is committing perpetual diſorders,

and, like another *drawcansir*, kills every one he comes nigh, whether friend or foe, without the leaſt diſtinction; though like other ruffians, he is as arrant a coward as ever cut a throat for hire, and is perpetually running away, as all who know any thing of him, are ready to aſſert; neither will he hearken to the moſt preſſing importunities, or ſtop a moment to ſerve the beſt friend he has in the world; inſomuch that the tricks of this kind he and another ſlippery friend of his have played, have even paſſed into a * proverb. That he is a paraſite and a hanger on, is a truth which needs no arguments to prove it, and wherever he appears in this character, he is certainly the moſt troubleſome gueſt a man can poſſibly be tormented with; as the more you endeavour to ſhake him off, the cloſer he will ſtick! and the more intolerable and irkſome will be his company. To the character of a paraſite, he joins (which generally accompanies it) that of a glutton, of ſo voracious and inſatiable an appetite, that though he is perpetually ſwallowing down every thing which comes within his reach, he is ſtill as hungry as ever; as the poet ſweetly ſingeth,

'Houſes and churches,
'To him are geeſe and turkies.'

Nay, I can bring witneſſes, my lords, to prove that he has devoured whole towns and cities; that he eat up Troy, Babylon, and Sparta; and left ſcarce any

* Time and tide ſtay for no man.

any thing of Egypt but a few large pieces of ſtone, which he could not ſo eaſily digeſt: not to mention Athens, Rome, and a hundred others, the nobleſt works of nature, which his ravenous maw has moſt inhumanly ſwallowed. And though he would, as I have been informed, be willingly thought a friend to the ſciences and polite arts, and has pretended to a ſkill in heightening and improving them, it is an indiſputable fact, that he is a private enemy to them, and has thrown down and reduced to ruin the fineſt pieces of architecture, painting, and ſculpture of the ancients: and how he has treated modern artiſts, he who has ever been at the noble palace at Hampton, will be eaſily convinced, when he ſees what cruel havock he has made there with the works of the immortal Raphael.

How little regard he pays to the eighth commandment, is univerſally known; for there is hardly a man in the univerſe who cannot prove him a moſt notorious thief; and that he ſtill commits daily robberies unpuniſhed. *Singula de nobis*, ſays Horace, *anni prædantur euntes*, which is a ſevere ſatire on him, though there applied to his friends and followers, whom he employs in his theſts and pilferings, to rob us of every thing in life that is dear or valuable.

Again, which I hope your lordſhips as champions and defenders of the fair ſex, will charitably take into your conſideration; I dare aver, that he

has a particular ſpite againſt the nobleſt and moſt beautiful part of the creation, and is a more fatal enemy to beauty than the ſmall-pox. I own, my lords, I ſpeak this from melancholy experience, having myſelf had two wives ſpoiled by him in a few years, who were, at leaſt in my opinion, the moſt charming works which nature had to boaſt of. It is a common trick of this baſe murderer, to ſteal the roſes from the mother's cheek, and give them to her daughter; and at the ſame time perhaps inſtead of making the old lady ſome amends for her loſs, will preſent her with nothing in return but a ſet of wrinkles, and a few grey hairs.

Such uſage as this, my lords, is what womankind cannot, and therefore mankind ought not to bear. A proper reſentment ought to be ſhewn againſt ſuch indignities, offered to thoſe who put themſelves under our protection, and can ſo amply reward thoſe who defend them.

I doubt not but this inſolent deſtroyer has thought it his intereſt to keep well with your lordſhips; and the world muſt confeſs you are perhaps of all men the moſt obliged to him, as Tully ſays, *de illo qui judicium exercet certe ſcio*, and he has improved your talents, and reputation, and added every day to your lordſhips fame; but you may depend upon it, he will in the end diſcover his treachery, and all the favour you can expect, will be what Ulyſſes gained of Polypheme, to be devoured the laſt.

I hope

I hope, my lords, what has been urged may be ſufficient to confute all the idle ſuggeſtions of the ſaid petitioner, and to ſecure your lordſhips from giving a verdict in his favour.

I am, my Lords,

Your lordſhips devoted ſervant,

MISOCHRONUS.

THE SOURCE OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

Written by a LADY.

TO be happy is the wiſh of all mankind, and many are the methods purſued to attain it; but to poſſeſs it is the lot only of a few: but this is chiefly owing to the miſtaken notion of thoſe, who take *pleaſure* for happineſs.——The one is a tranſitory joy, founded upon fancy, whim, and faſhion, which can only pleaſe for its novelty, and palls upon repetition. True happineſs conſiſts in avoiding, as much as poſſible, ſuch kind of pleaſures, which can only give ſatisfaction to depraved minds.

Converſe with the works of nature, the more ſhe is ſtudied, the more ſhe pleaſes, and rewards her

her votaries with a grateful return of never fading bliſs. The rational delight, which the ſtudy of nature produces in our minds, comes the neareſt to the ideas we can form of heavenly enjoyments.

The reaſon why the purſuits of idle pleaſures engroſs the minds of men, does not ariſe ſo much from the *real* ſatisfaction they feel, as from their endeavouring to purſue any object, which may take them off from contemplating *themſelves*, from which they would feel a miſery not to be ſupported. They fly from themſelves, and naturally ſeek for trifles to amuſe their ſorrow, as others fly to drams, to intoxicate, and render themſelves inſenſible to grief.—And theſe very wretched beings take uncommon pains to make the world believe they are the happieſt of mortals.

An affected gaiety, a ſmiling countenace, and a ſeeming indifference towards every thing but trifles, would almoſt perſuade you they were ſtrangers to diſquietude. But they do not tell you what they ſuffer in their own minds upon the neglect of virtue, and the duties of religion, in their more retired moments.

It ſignifies nothing to be in poſſeſſion of titles, wealth, and the honours that a ſovereign can beſtow, if the mind is but ill at eaſe.

A certain celebrated author, who was as great a judge of human nature as ever the world produced, paints it thus:

" Well fares the man, howe'er his cates do taſte,
" That tables not with foul ſuſpicion:
" And he but pines among his delicates,
" Whoſe troubled mind is ſtuft with diſcontent."

In ſhort, no one can be truly happy that is not virtuous.

It is true, the infamous wretch may ſometimes enjoy a tranſitory bliſs, ſuch as proceeds from indulging of a favourite paſſion, but when that is over, remorſe and miſery take place. I do not mean to inſinuate that virtue is always exempt from miſery, no; but then it is accompanied with thoſe ſolid conſolations which guilt is ever a ſtranger to. The moſt virtuous, doubtleſs are often viſited with the deepeſt afflictions, which ariſe from ſuch cauſes as are unavoidable. But where virtue, religion, and philoſophy combine, it will enable us to bear affliction with fortitude. We ought then firſt, ſeriouſly to conſider whether or no thoſe are always *real* misfortunes, which we are apt to term ſo?—There is the ſame difference between real and imaginary evils, as there is between real and imaginary happineſs.

Nothing can be ſaid to make life more truly inſupportable, than the loſs of thoſe we love, extreme poverty, and want of health. Theſe may be truly termed

termed real misfortunes: yet how often do we ſee thoſe, on whom fortune has beſtowed her very beſt gifts, wretched too? Owing entirely to the depravity and fickleneſs of mens diſpoſitions. Therefore why are riches ſo much wiſhed for, ſince we are convinced that they who poſſeſs them are not the happier? Indeed, for my own part, I am far from thinking great riches deſirable, as it is a temptation for a man to exceed the bounds of moderation in reſpect to every circumſtance of his life.

Happy is the man who has enough to ſupply his real wants, and bleſt with liberty, independency, and a true friend.—When theſe are poſſeſſed, a rational man has nothing left to wiſh for, reſpecting *this* world.

He who poſſeſſes immenſe wealth, cannot be otherwiſe than wretched;—for by poſſeſſing more than will ſatisfy even his imaginary wants he has nothing left to wiſh for, but is ſickened with too much ſatiety.

Far different are the feelings of him who has nothing to reproach his conſcience with, but ſits down contented and happy with a ſmall independency; whoſe time is his own; who need uſe no other labour but what is conduſive to his health; is of no party or employment which can biaſs him to act contrary to his principle of religion, honour, and honeſty: dependent upon no man's frowns,

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he has nothing to aſk, nothing to fear; whoſe ſtudy is nature, and whoſe bliſs and happineſs is ſeated in the love and affection of a wife and family who adore him. Such is the ſituation of a truly virtuous man, and ſuch a one I know, who, in ſpite of the moſt cruel treatment and injuſtice that ever man experienced, ſits down with thoſe feelings which the abettors of his ruin muſt ever remain utter ſtrangers to.

From this you may be convinced that true happineſs conſiſts not in wealth, but *virtue*, and in holding the honours and greatneſs of the world in a ſuitable contempt; or with an entire indifference and pious reſignation.

EULOGIUM

ON

GENEROSITY.

IF conſidered in a 'large' and 'extenſive' ſenſe, and as a 'fixt principle,' of all the qualities that raiſe and ennoble a character, GENEROSITY is the moſt ſtriking and lovely. It pervades the whole ſoul, and gives a luſtre to every action; and wherever it actuates a mind by nature formed with much ſenſibility, it elevates the man of a liberal education and poliſhed manners, to a degree little below the angelic race.—'Tis the offspring of Heaven; the elder brother of Charity; Sympathy is its ſiſter, and Love its darling companion. Compaſſion and Benevolence are in its train, and ſincerity its conſtant attendant. Happy! happy would it be for the world was it oftener to be met with! How many evils and calamities would it remove or alleviate! How many animoſities and contentions would it ſtifle in the birth!

True

True Generoſity diſcards all the long catalogue of vices that diſgrace humanity, and ſpread the dark ſhade over the intellectual and moral world. Envy and Malice flee before it; Cruelty, Hypocriſy, and Diſſimulation dwell not with it. It is a ſtranger to Detraction, Deceit, and Fraud; and in the boſom where it takes up its reſidence, nothing baſe, ſordid, or ſelfiſh can be found.

It relieves the oppreſſed, yet triumphs not; it protects the weak, yet does not boaſt. 'Tis ever bold in a good cauſe, and ſhrinks not from danger when fortitude is required. It comforts and animates the languid and drooping, and gives the tear of pity to the ſorrowful and dejected. It truly commiſerates the unfortunate, and thoſe whom paſſion or imprudence have led into the paths of vice and miſery. It makes every allowance for the failings of mankind, and treats not even the abandoned with ſeverity. It delights in the proſperity of all around it, and partakes of their joy. It ever ſmiles on the virtuous, and directs the ſteps of the incautious and unwary. Oftentimes it is confounded with liberality, but liberality is only a beautiful feature of its countenance: It riſes ſtill higher, and implies every thing amiable in the ſoul. It counteracts the common principle of ſelf love, and makes a man oftentimes ſacrifice his inclinations for others good. The gay libertine will frequently boaſt of this virtue, and value himſelf upon the

the goodneſs of his heart; but he deſerves not the character, for he cannot (in any ſituation) indulge in his favourite pleaſures, without ſometimes acting an ungenerous part. The covetous and avaricious have no claim to it. The revengeful, haughty, and imperious, know not its pleaſures. GENEROSITY! 'tis a God-like principle; 'tis Magnanimity, guided by Diſcretion, and tempered by Meekneſs; 'tis true Dignity allied to Humility; 'tis univerſal Philanthropy—the inmate of good minds, the diſtinguiſhing badge of a great ſoul. The ſlaves to paſſion, and the votaries of vice, can have neither the one nor the other. This is not a character in idea, or the child of Fancy. Hiſtory and experience prove, that ſome have, and do deſerve it. The number is confeſſedly ſmall; would to God it was greater!

ON

TIME.

How beſt improved.

Pay no moment but in purchaſe of it's worth,
And what it's worth? aſk *death-beds*, they can tell.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

DR. YOUNG, with no little propriety, obſerves,

At *thirty*, man ſuſpects himſelf a fool,
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty*, chides his infamous delay,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves, then dies the ſame.

How frequently do we hear perſons ſay, Well, if I had my time to live over again, I would not live as I have done, but, alas! how few improve the time *preſent*, or endeavour to anſwer the grand and important ends of their creation, *viz.* their Maker's glory, their own eternal happineſs, and the good of their fellow creatures;—lured by the pleaſures of the world, the deceitfulneſs of riches, and the ſplendour of nobility, or drawn aſide by the ſnares of evil

evil company, the temptations of Satan, and the deſires of the fleſh, the multitude are wholly employed in purſuing happineſs, but miſtaking the ſhadow for the ſubſtance, are as frequently enveloped in the clouds of error, uncertainty, and confuſion; well may the ſcriptures of divine truth declare, *it is not in man that walketh to direct his ſteps.*

The longer we live in the world, the more we muſt know of it, and the more the *Chriſtian* knows of it, the leſs he muſt like it; in this reſpect it is much the ſame in *ſpirituals* as it is in *temporals*, the more a *good* man knows of himſelf, the leſs he likes himſelf. But, Oh! how different is it concerning *God!* the more we know of him, the more we muſt love him, and wiſh to be like him in all his imitable perfections; ſo on the ſame plan, the more we know of the worth of *Time*, the more ſhall we be deſireus of improving it, eſpecially when we conſider, that Time is a talent which the great Lord of all will call us to an account for at the laſt great day.

A moment we may wiſh, when worlds want wealth to buy.

How few among the ſons and daughters of Adam, are concerned to improve thoſe various talents entruſted to their care by the great Lord of all!

"Time is a talent to be improv'd by all."

It would be well for thouſands, if they were as ſollicitous to improve their time, as they are to increaſe

creaſe their fortunes; but, alas! that which ought to be thought of, and attended to, in the *firſt* place is the laſt in our minds, and the leaſt regarded: the great Creator has given us many bleſſings to enjoy; among the reſt, health, friends, food, and raiment; and the continuance of our time, and opportunities for repentance, and preparation for a better world, are not the leaſt; but are we ſuitably affected with a grateful ſenſe of them, and an earneſt deſire of *living* as well as *ſpeaking* his praiſe? No, very few indeed think on the grand and important end for which they were created and ſent into the world, much leſs do they endeavour to live mindful of it.

Cards, balls, plays, and faſhionable diverſions, are eagerly purſued by the giddy multitude, to the utter ruin of families, fortune, reputation, and ſerious reflexion; the killing of time, the loſs of the ſoul, and diſregard of eternity. Was the queſtion to be aſked, How is time to be improved? I would reply, By preparing for eternity. Was the queſtion to be aſked, How am I to prepare for eternity? I would anſwer in the words of ſacred inſpiration, By *living ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly, in the world.*

W.

INTERESTING

INTERESTING REFLEXIONS

ON A

FUTURE STATE.

'Tis Heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. CATO.

WHEN I conſider how uncertain life is, and how tranſitory and fleeting our beſt enjoyments are here below, I am naturally led to conclude there muſt be a *future* ſtate wherein the ſoul will have the opportunity of exerting all its noble powers and faculties, in the ſeraphic employments of adoration, love, and praiſe, with kindred ſaints, in realms of everlaſting bliſs, or of feeling the dire effects of divine vengeance on account of ſin, without mitigation and without an end; as in the preſent ſtate *virtue* often labours under various afflictions, is unavoidably expoſed to trials, and often feels the preſſures of accumulated woes, while *vice* is a ſtranger to misfortune, and riots without interruption through the ſeveral ſtages of

human life unpuniſhed and at pleaſure: I cannot but believe (even though the ſcriptures had not made it known) that man's ſituation in this preſent world, is only a prelude to his being inducted into another and more durable exiſtence beyond the grave, where the juſtice, holineſs, and truth of the great SUPREME ſhall be fully diſplayed, vindicated, and made honourable, to the unſpeakable joy and felicity of the good and virtuous, and the unutterable confuſion and diſmay of the ſons and daughters of ſenſuality and vice.

But ſince the oracles of divine inſpiration ſo frequently inculcate this important doctrine, and prove it from arguments unanſwerable and concluſive, I think it not only my *duty* but my *intereſt* to believe it, eſpecially as I hope through the merits of the great Redeemer, to find it a ſtate of never-ending happineſs, beyond the reach of trouble, vexation, and diſtreſs.

Were men in general more deeply convinced of that ſolemn and intereſting truth, that,

Beyond the grave two ſtates remain,
Of endleſs joy or endleſs pain.

They would, I am well perſuaded, be more ſolicitous to know the things which belong to their eternal peace, before they are for ever hidden from their eyes.

W.

MORAL REFLEXIONS
ON
LIFE AND MANNERS.

Virtue is its own reward.

THE diſtreſſes of life are alleviated to *good* men, by reflexions on their paſt conduct; while, by ſuch reflexions, they are highly aggravated to the *bad*. During the gay and active periods of life, ſinners elude, in ſome meaſure, the force of conſcience. Carried round in the whirl of gaiety and pleaſures; intenton contrivance or eager in purſuit; amuſed by hope, or elated by enjoyment; they are ſheltered by that crowd of trifles which ſurrounds them from ſerious reflection. But conſcience is too great a power always to remain ſuppreſſed. There is in every man's life, a period when he ſhall be made to ſtand forth as a real object to his own view: and when that period comes, woe to him who is galled by the ſight. In the dark and ſoli-

tary hour of diſtreſs, with a mind hurt and ſore from ſome recent wound of fortune, how ſhall he bear to have his character for the firſt time diſcloſed to him in that humiliating light under which guilt will neceſſarily preſent it? Then, the recollection of the paſt becomes dreadful. It exhibits to him a life thrown away on vanities and follies, or conſumed in flagitiouſneſs and ſin; no ſtation properly ſupported; no material duties fulfilled. Crimes which once had been eaſily palliated, riſe before him in their native deformity. The ſenſe of guilt mixes itſelf with all that has befallen him. He beholds, or thinks that he beholds, the hand of that God whom he hath ſo often wilfully offended, openly ſtretched out againſt him. At a ſeaſon when a man ſtands moſt in need of ſupport, how intolerable is the weight of this additional load, aggravating the depreſſion of diſeaſe, diſappointment, or old age! How miſerable his ſtate, who is condemned to endure at once the pangs of guilt, and the tortures of diſeaſe! *The ſpirit of a man may ſuſtain his infirmities; but a wounded ſpirit who can bear.*

Whereas, he who is bleſſed with a clear conſcience, enjoys, in the worſt conjunctures of human life, a peace, a dignity, an elevation of mind peculiar to piety and virtue. The teſtimony of a good conſcience is indeed to be always diſtinguiſhed from that preſumptuous boaſt of innocence, which every good Chriſtian totally diſclaims. The better

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he is, he will be the more humble, and ſenſible of his failings. But though he acknowledges that he can claim nothing from God upon the footing of deſert, yet he can truſt in his merciful acceptance through Jeſus Chriſt, according to the tenor of the goſpel. He can hope that his *prayers and his alms have come up in memorial before God.* The piety and virtue of his former life were as ſeeds ſown on his proſperous ſtate, of which he reaps the fruits in the ſeaſon of adverſity. The riches, the pleaſures, and the friends of the world, may have made *wings to themſelves, and flown away.* But the improvement which he made of thoſe advantages, while they laſted, the temperate ſpirit with which he enjoyed them, the beneficent actions which he performed, and the good example which he ſet to others remain behind. By the memory of theſe he enjoys his proſperity a ſecond time in reflection; and perhaps this ſecond and reflected enjoyment is not inferior to the firſt. It arrives at a more critical and needful time. It affords him the high ſatisfaction of having extracted laſting pleaſure from that which is ſhort; and of having fixed that, which by its nature was changeable and incompleat. "If my race be now about to end, I have this "comfort, that it has not been run in vain. *I* "*have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith.* "My mind has no load. Futurity has no terrors. "I have endeavoured to do my duty, and to make "my peace with God, through Jeſus Chriſt my

" Lord; I leave the reſt to heaven." Theſe are the reflections, which *to the upright make light ariſe in darkneſs*; reflexions which chear the lonely houſe of virtuous poverty, and attend the conſcious ſufferer into priſon or exile; which ſoothe the complaints of grief, lighten the preſſure of old age, and furniſh to the bed of ſickneſs, a cordial of more grateful reliſh, and more ſovereign virtue, than any which the world can poſſibly afford.

Let young and old in every ſtation know,
Virtue alone is happineſs below;
Vice its own puniſhment will ever prove,
Religion only leads to realms above.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

ADVICE

ADVICE
TO THE
YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

Childhood and Youth are Vanity.

THE firſt piece of advice I would give my young readers, is to pay a ſtrict regard to ſincerity and truth. This is the baſis of every virtue. That darkneſs of character, where we can ſee no heart; thoſe foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, preſent an object, unamiable in every ſeaſon of life, but particularly in *youth*. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are ſtrong, and when nature is expected to ſhew itſelf free and open, you can already ſmile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you ſhall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when intereſt ſhall have completed the obduration

of your heart, and experience ſhall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Diſſimilation in youth, is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its firſt appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future ſhame. It degrades parts and learning; obſcures the luſtre of every accompliſhment; and ſinks yuu into contempt with God and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth, In all your proceedings, be direct and conſiſtent. Ingenuity and candour poſſeſs the moſt powerful charms, they beſpeak univerſal favour, and carry an apology for almoſt every failing. *The lip of truth ſhall be eſtabliſhed for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.* The path of truth is a plain and a ſafe path; but that of falſehood, is a perplexing maze. After the firſt departure from ſincerity, it is not in your power to ſtop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increaſes, you are left entangled in your own ſnare. Deceit diſcovers a a little mind, which ſtops at temporary expedients, without riſing to comprehenſive views of conduct. It betrays, at the ſame time, a daſtardly ſpirit. It is the reſource of one who wants courage to avow his deſigns, or to reſt upon himſelf. Whereas, openneſs of character diſplays that generous boldneſs, which ought to diſtinguiſh youth. To ſet out in the world with no other principle than a crafty

crafty attention to ſelf-intereſt, betokens one who is deſtined for creeping through the inferior walks of life, with contempt. But to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they ſtand in competition; to deſpiſe every advantage which cannot be attained without diſhoneſt arts; to brook no meanneſs, and to ſtoop to no diſſimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the preſages of future eminence and diſtinction in life.

At the ſame time, this virtuous ſincerity is perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt prudent vigilance and caution. It is oppoſed to cunning, not to true wiſdow. It is not the ſimplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one, who ſcorns deceit, becauſe he accounts it both baſe and unprofitable; and who ſeeks no diſguiſe, becauſe he needs none to hide him. "Lord! who ſhall abide in thy "tabernacle? Who ſhall aſcend into thy holy "hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh "righteouſneſs, and ſpeaketh the truth in his "heart."

Youth is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire, betimes, the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the

foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and even in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind that ſacred rule, of "doing all things to others, according as you "wiſh that they ſhould do unto you." For this end, impreſs yourſelf with a deep ſenſe of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years.

Compaſſion is an emotion, of which you ought never to be aſhamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. But go ſometimes to the *houſe of mourning*, as well as *to the houſe of feaſting*. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life, of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. "Thou ſhalt not harden thy "heart, nor ſhut thy hand from thy poor brother; "but thou ſhalt ſurely give unto him in the day

"of

" of his need; and thine heart ſhalt not be grieved " when thou giveſt unto him; becauſe for this " thing, the Lord thy God ſhall bleſs thee in all " thy works." Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements; nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

In young minds there is commonly a ſtrong propenſity to particular intimacies and friendſhips. Youth, indeed, is the ſeaſon when friendſhips are ſometimes formed, which not only continue through ſucceeding life, but which glow to the laſt, with tenderneſs unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propenſity therefore is not to be diſcouraged; though at the ſame time it muſt be regulated with much circumſpection and care. Too many of the pretended friendſhips of youth, are mere combinations in gaiety and pleaſure. They are often founded on capricious likings; ſuddenly contracted, and as ſuddenly diſſolved. Sometimes they are the effects of intereſted complaiſance and flattery on the one ſide, and of too haſty fondneſs and credulity on the other. Beware of ſuch raſh and dangerous connections, which may afterwards load you with diſhonour and reproach. Remember, that by the character of thoſe whom you chooſe for your friends, your *own* is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be ſlow, therefore, and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendſhip is once eſtabliſhed, conſider it as a ſacred engagement. Expoſe not

yourſelves to the reproach of lightneſs and inconſtancy, which always beſpeak, either a trifling, or a baſe mind. Reveal none of the ſecrets of your friend. Be faithful to his intereſts. Forſake him not in adverſity or danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. *There is a friend that loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adverſity. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forſake not.*

Finally, on this head; in order to render yourſelves amiable in ſociety, correct every appearance of harſhneſs in behaviour. Let that courteſy diſtinguiſh your demeanour, which ſprings, not ſo much from ſtudied politeneſs, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the cuſtoms of the world in matters indifferent; but ſtop when they become ſinful. Let your manners be ſimple and natural; and of courſe they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themſelves on fantaſtic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end too often in being vicious and immoral.

THE

THE BENEFITS OF SINCERITY.

TRUTH and ſincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the ſhew of any thing be good for any thing, I am ſure the *reality* is better; for why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which hs is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way for a man to prove himſelf ſincere, is *really* to be what he would *ſeem* to be. Beſides, it is often as troubleſome to ſupport the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is moſt likely he will be diſcovered to want it, and then all his labour to ſeem to have it will be loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will eaſily diſcern from native beauty and complexion, or the beauties of ſimple nature.

It is hard to perſonate and ſeem to act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always

always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herſelf at one time or another: Therefore if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every one's ſatisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conſcience, but, which is much more, to God, who ſearcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts, ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of diſſimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world: it hath leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt.

The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to thoſe that practiſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to do, to repoſe the greateſt confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs and the affairs of life.

A diſſembler muſt always be upon his guard, and watch himſelf carefully, that he does not contradict his own pretenſions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore muſt put a continual force and reſtraint upon himſelf: Whereas, he that acts ſincerely hath the eaſieſt taſk in the world; becauſe he follows nature, and ſo is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuſes afterwards, for any thing he hath ſaid or done.

But inſincerity is very troubleſome to manage; a hypocrite hath ſo many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate ſcene. A liar hath need of a good memory, leſt he contradict at one time what he ſaid at another; but truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips: whereas a lie is troubleſome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs. It creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end, than by-ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation,

mulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion, or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as reſpects the affairs of this world) if he ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of a reputation while he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

VARIETY;

In what Reſpects deſirable to ſweeten Life.

Variety will always pleaſe.

WERE I inclined to philoſophize before modern fine gentlemen and ladies, I would conſider life as but a larger *Ranelaugh*, where, as ſoon as we enter, we are ſtruck with admiration at the beauty and magnificence of the ſtructure. The novelty and gaiety of every thing about us, give us a kind of tumultuous pleaſure, which is doubled by ignorance, and heightened by participation: noiſe and buſtle amuſe and divert us for a little time, but after we have taken a few rounds, viewed the ſame objects perpetually offering themſelves to our ſight, and liſtening to the ſame ſounds conſtantly vibrating in our ears, the whole edifice ſeems gradually and inſenſibly to loſe its charms, we begin to wiſh our-

ſelves

ſelves at home again, and ſo drop off one after another without ceremony. At parting, indeed, we are apt to ſhew ſome little uneaſineſs, and are moſt of us very loth to quit the place, though heartily fatigued and ſick of every thing in it.*

Variety, we know, is the great end of human felicity; every earthly enjoyment nauſeates by repetition, and cloys by ſatiety; even *health*, a certain poet tells us, for want of change, is a diſeaſe. Hence it ariſes, that the perfections, the every thing; in ſhort, of every body elſe is always better than our *own*; and yet ſo coy is this univerſally adored goddeſs *Variety*, and ſo unpropitious to her votaries, that one half of them cannot find her, nor the other diſcover her to any uſeful or neceſſary purpoſe.

* Happy the man, and he alone appears,
Who having one unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd ſun, earth, and ocean, clouds and flame,
Returns well ſatisfied from whence he came;
Life, tho' an hundred years, or e'er ſo few,
Is repetition all and nothing new.

SOLITARY WALKS.

THE

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD POET; AND THE *BEAUTIES* OF *POETRY* ADJUSTED AND DESCRIBED.

WHEREVER I go, I find that Poetry is conſidered as the higheſt learning, and regarded with a veneration ſomewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelick nature. And it fills me with wonder, that, in almoſt all countries, the moſt ancient poets are conſidered as the beſt: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquiſition gradually attained; and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the firſt poetry of every nation ſurpriſed them as a novelty, and retained the credit by conſent, which

which is received by accident at firſt: or whether, as the province of poetry is to deſcribe nature and paſſion, which are always the ſame, the firſt writers took poſſeſſion of the moſt ſtriking objects for deſcription, and the moſt probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to thoſe that followed them, but tranſcriptions of the ſame events, and new combinations of the ſame images. Whatever be the reaſon, it is commonly obſerved, that the early writers are in poſſeſſion of nature, and their followers of art: that the firſt excel in ſtrength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was deſirous to add my name to this illuſtrious fraternity. I read all the poets of *Perſia* and *Arabia*, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are ſuſpended in the moſque of *Mecca*. But I ſoon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My deſire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my ſubject, and men to be my auditors: I could never deſcribe what I had not ſeen: I could not hope to move thoſe with delight or terror, whoſe intereſts and opinions I did not underſtand.

"Being now reſolved to be a poet, I ſaw every thing with a new purpoſe; my ſphere of attention was ſuddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deſerts for

for images and reſemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the foreſt and flower of the valley. I obſerved with equal care the crags of the rock, and the pinacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and ſometimes watched the changes of the ſummer clouds. To a poet nothing can be uſeleſs. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, muſt be familiar to his imagination: he muſt be converſant with all that is awfully vaſt or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the ſky, muſt all concur to ſtore his mind with inexhauſtible variety: for every idea is uſeful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; aud he, who knows moſt, will have moſt power of diverſifying his ſcenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote alluſions and unexpected inſtruction.

"All the appearances of nature, I was therefore careful to ſtudy, and every country which I have ſurveyed, has contributed ſomething to my poetical powers."

"In ſo wide a ſurvey, ſaid the prince, you muſt ſurely have left much unobſerved. I have lived, until now, within the circuit of theſe mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the ſight of ſomething which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The

"The Buſineſs of a poet, ſaid *Imlac*, is to examine, not the individual, but the ſpecies: to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the ſtreaks of the tulip, or deſcribe the different ſhades in the verdure of the foreſt. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature, ſuch prominent and ſtriking features, as recal the original to every mind; and muſt neglect the minuter diſcriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected; for thoſe characteriſticks which are alike obvious to vigilance and carefulneſs.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the taſk of a poet; he muſt be acquainted likewiſe with all the modes of life. His character requires that he eſtimate the happineſs and miſery of every condition; obſerve the power of all the paſſions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modefied by various inſtitutions, and accidental influences of climate or cuſtom, from the ſpritelineſs of infancy to the deſpondence of decripitude. He muſt diveſt himſelf of the prejudices of his age or country; he muſt conſider right and wrong in their abſtract and invariable ſtate; he muſt diſregard preſent laws and opinions, and riſe to general and tranſcendent truths, which will always be the ſame: He muſt therefore coutent himſelf with the ſlow progreſs of his name; contemn the applauſe of his own time, and commit his claims to the juſtice of poſterity. He muſt

muſt write as the interpreter of nature, and the legiſlator of mankind, and conſider himſelf as preſiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being ſuperior to time and place."

"His labour is not yet at an end: he muſt know many languages, and many ſciences; and that his ſtile may be worthy of his thoughts, muſt by inceſſant practice, familiarize to himſelf every delicacy of ſpeech and grace of harmony."

In all your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe and ſink in ſound;
Slide without falling, without ſtraining, roar,
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Harſh words tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None pleaſe the fancy who offend the ear.

GARTH.

A TRUE TALE.

Supposed to be written by Dr. PARNEL.

A Mother who vast pleasure finds
In modelling her children's minds;
In midst of whom with great delight,
She passes many a winter's night;
Mingles in every play to find
What bias nature gives the mind,
Resolving thence to take her aim
To guide them to the realms of fame,
And wisely make those realms the way
To regions of eternal day;
Each boist'rous passion to controul,
And early humanize the soul,
In simple tales beside the fire,
The noblest notions would inspire.
Her offspring, conscious of her care,
Transported hung around her chair.

Of

Of ſcripture heroes ſhe would tell,
Whoſe names they'd liſp ere they could ſpell.
Then the delighted mother ſmiles,
And ſhews the ſtory on the tiles.
At other times her themes would be
The ſages of antiquity,
Who left a deathleſs name behind
By being bleſſings to their kind.

Studious to let her children know
The various turns of things below;
How virtue here was oft diſtreſt,
To ſhine more glorious with the bleſt,
Told *Tully's* and the *Gracchi's* Doom,
The patriots and the pride of *Rome*,
Then bleſt the *Drapier's* happier fate,
Who ſav'd, and lives to guard, the ſtate.
Again ſhe takes another ſcope,
And tells of Addiſon and Pope:
Steele's comedies gave great delight,
And entertain'd them many a night,
Congreve could no admittance find,
His works were poiſon to the mind:
That Author's wit and ſenſe, ſays ſhe,
But heighten'd his impiety.

This happy mother met one day
A book of fables writ by *Gay*;
And told her children, here's a treaſure,
A fund of wiſdom and of pleaſue!

Such morals, and ſo finely writ!
Such decency, good ſenſe, and wit!
Well has the poet found the art
To raiſe the mind and mend the heart.

Her fav'rite ſon the fables ſeiz'd,
And as he read ſeem'd highly pleas'd:
Made ſuch reflections on each page
The mother thought above his Age:
Delighted read, but ſcarce was able
To finiſh the concluding fable.

What ails my child? the mother cries?
Whoſe ſorrows now have fill'd your eyes?
Oh, dear mamma, can he want friends
Who writes for ſuch exalted ends?
Oh baſe, degenerate human kind?
Had I a fortune to my mind,
Should *Gay* complain? but now, alas!
Thro' what a world am I to paſs!
Where friendſhip is an empty name,
And merit ſcarcely paid in fame.
Reſolv'd to lull his woes to reſt
She tells him, he ſhould hope the beſt:
This has been yet his caſe I own,
But now Auguſtus fills the throne.
Content that tender heart of thine,
He'll be the care of Caroline:
Who thus inſtructs the royal race
Can't fail of ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.

Mamma,

Mamma, if you were queen, ſays he,
And ſuch a book were writ for me,
I find 'tis ſo much to your taſte,
That Gay would keep his coach at leaſt.

My child, what you ſuppoſe, is true,
I ſee its excellence in you.
Poets who write to mend the mind,
A royal recompence ſhould find:
But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
From the beſt privilege of crowns,
The glorious god-like pow'r to bleſs,
And raiſe up merit in diſtreſs.

But dear mamma, I long to know,
Were you the queen, what you'd beſtow.
What I'd beſtow? ſays ſhe, my dear,
At leaſt a thouſand pounds a year.

THE HERMET.

By Dr. BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:

'Twas thus, by the cave of a mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a *hermit* began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
"Why, lone *Philomela*, that languishing fall?
"For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
"And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall.

"But

" But, if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay ;
" Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to
" mourn ;
" O ſoothe him whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs
" away :
" Full quickly they paſs, but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
" The moon half-extinguiſh'd, her creſcent diſplays:
" But lately I mark'd when majeſtic on high
" She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.

" Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs
" purſue
" The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again.
" But man's faded glory what change ſhall renew!
" Ah fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
" I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
" For morn is approaching, your charms to
" reſtore,
" Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring
" with dew.

" Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
" Kind nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave,
" But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn!
" Or when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.

"O pity, great Father of Light (then I cry'd)
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from "thee!
"Lo, humbled in duſt I relinquiſh my pride.
"From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt "free!"

And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and aſtray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See *truth*, *love*, and *mercy* in triumph aſcending,
And nature all glowing in *Eden*'s firſt bloom!
On the cold cheek of *death* ſmiles and roſes are blending,
And *beauty* immortal awakes from the tomb!

An ODE,

WRITTEN ON A

SUMMER DAY.

THE ſun's early beams tinge the landſcape around,
The mountains are bright with his ray,
From afar by his ſplendour the landſcape is crown'd,
Which nature's own paintings diſplay.

The cock crowing chearful awakes the blythe ſwain,
Who haſtes to his toils in the field;
Such labour his ſpirits unweary'd maintain,
He hopes the increaſe it will yield.

Fair FLORA retiring, POMONA appears,
Yet her face half averted ſhe hides;
While ſtill the ſoft clouds from above ſhed their tears,
The delay of the ſeaſon ſhe chides.

Yet the fruits in ripe cluſters on branches are ſeen,
While the birds warble ſweet from the ſpray;
All nature is rob'd in her deepeſt of green,
And SUMMER aſſerts his bright ſway.

How ſweet 'tis at noon-tide to ſtray through the grove,
Where the branches ſo cloſely intwine!
There ſome ſwain may perhaps tell the tale of his love,
There (haply) may PHILLIS recline.

From the orchards and gardens how ſweet breathes the gale,
How big is the ſcene with delight!
Can a care in the boſom of ſadneſs remain,
Not reliev'd by a proſpect ſo bright?

All the gifts that the year when manur'd can beſtow,
The promiſe of CERES be found;
In fulleſt profuſion around us they glow,
And the fields with rich harveſts are crown'd.

Theſe harveſts when Autumn ſerenely ſhall riſe,
When the ſun to the ſouthward retires,
When the dews fall at ev'ning all cool from the ſkies,
And the Summer relaxes his fires;

Thoſe

Thoſe harveſts ſhall then glad the heart of the ſwain,
When the paſtimes of Autumn are near,
When the muſic, the ſong, and the dance on the plain,
In ſeaſons ſevere are no more.

For FLORA and CERES alike ſhall await,
And glad our gay plains with their ſmile,
And thoſe haunts to which oft-times the great ones retreat,
Their ſtudies and cares to beguile.

So ſtill may the bounty of heav'n be diſplay'd,
And our joys with each ſeaſon increaſe,
Till our ſhepherds and maidens recline in the ſhade,
All crown'd with the bleſſings of PEACE.

SUMMER's EVE;

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

AID me, ye muſes, while in raptur'd ſtrains,
I ſing of ev'ning, when fair ſummer reigns.
When the ſoft ground in living green appears,
And nature all a ſmiling aſpect wears!
How joy I at the ſweet farewel of day,
Thro' verdant fields, by ſylvan ſcenes to ſtray!
Each rural ſcene a peaceful mildneſs wears,
The day is ended with its noiſy cares;
And eve's approach, now bids the honeſt ſwain
Explore the cottage, and forſake the plain;
With inward glee he caſts his eyes around,
And views his conqueſt ſpread the freſh-mown ground;
With ruſtic ſtep then meaſures back his way,
Content; though weary with the toils of day.

Scarce

Scarce reach'd the cottage, when with yelping cry,
Domeſtic *Tray* proclaims his maſter nigh:
His little offspring run to meet their ſire,
His ſpouſe receives him with a fond deſire,
And in ſoft rapture all his cares expire.

Thus in contentment lives the peaceful hind,
Enjoying pleaſure, courts can never find!
While, hark! ſhrill accents thro' the ambient air,
Juſt ſpent, and fainting ſtrike the liſtning ear;
Young *Hodge*, quite artleſs, whiſtling croſs the mead,
Reſigns his horſes to their well known feed.
Now *Philomel* renews her ev'ning note,
And ſolemn dirges ſwell her trembling throat.
Soft contemplation ſheds prolific balm,
And all is rapture, all one ſettled calm!
I meet my friend, by pre-appointment meet,
With ſalutation void of all deceit:
And then together while ſtill ev'ning reigns
And ſpreads deep umbrage o'er the trees and plains;
Walk, and expatiate on the various things
That obſervation or experience brings.
Now the pale moon in full orb'd pomp appears,
And brown-ey'd ev'ning with her riſing chears.
While ancient Zephyr ſoftly wakes the trees,
They nod; and murm'ring, ſcarce confeſs the breeze:
But yet, as conſcious of the ſacred light,
They gently bend, and trembling catch the ſight;
Now *Cynthia* reigns, and ſilver luſtre ſheds
O'er ſtreams, o'er plains, and tips the mountain heads:

While ſtarry legions thro' the wide expanſe
With ſwift-wing'd hours lead on the myſtic dance.
While times and ſeaſons thus repeated roll,
Alike ſtupendous the amazing whole!
To him alone at whoſe almighty Nod
Creation roſe; the labour of a God!
Pour thy warm praiſes; hymn the bounteous* Lord,
Who does to man, life, food and health afford!
Seed-time, and harveſt, all earth's ripen'd ſtore
Deſcends from *Him*, 'till time ſhall be no more.

* His bounty covers the fields, with a profuſion of nutrimental treaſures, and bends the boughs with loads of delicious fruits; the clouds drop fatneſs, the air ſoftens into balm; through every period of the year, the all gracious God is ſeen—all things are eloquent of his praiſe.

HERVEY.

THE

THE COUNTRY LOVERS.

A PASTORAL.

SCENE, *A Farmer's Yard, at Sun-riſing.*

Iſaac.

COME! Marget, come!—the team is at the gate;
Not ready yet!—you always make me wait!
Marget. It is not later than the time you ſet;
For ſee the hour-glaſs; ſee, 'tis running yet.
It took me up more time to feed thy jay,
Than you for Marget willingly would ſtay.
But when he learns to talk, his head I'll fill
With words to make thee mannerly—I will!
Iſaac. I call'd indeed, and ſeem'd to chide thy ſtay,
For fear my love ſhould loſe the prime of day;
When lab'ring bees to flow'ry fields repair,
To gather ſweets that ſcent the morning air.
Already o'er yon hill the ſun appears,
And thro' the fruit-trees gilds the yoking ſteers.
See on the kitchen wall with ballads gay,
The early ſun-beams quiver thro' the ſpray.

Now

Now Roſamond they leave, and ſink apace,
To tremble on the lines of Chevy-chace.
'Tis five exactly when they gild the tack,
That holds the corner of the almanack.

Marget. I've nothing now to do but fetch my hood;
For thick will fall the dew-drops in the wood.
But ſoon, I fear, we ſhall complain of heat,
When up the ferny hill our cattle ſweat.
There, with the ſun, the ground is ruſſet dry,
And duſt in clouds will round the waggon fly.
No friendly trees are there, no buſh, no briar,
To whoſe kind ſhade the trav'ler might retire.

Iſaac. But when we reach the cooling hollow way,
Where ſilver rills thro' ſhady channels play;
Where moſſy ſhrubs are dreſs'd in all their pride,
And hanging maples deck the ſloping ſide;
There thy delight, the wrens ſteal out and ſing,
Making the little ivy'd caverns ring.
Above the ſpreading oaks thick branches meet,
Whoſe lofty bow'r excludes the ſultry heat.
There my delight, the waving rook'ry rings,
While the young neſtlings learn to uſe their wings.

Marget. Well, now I'm ready, long I have not ſtaid.

Iſaac. One kiſs before we go, my pretty maid.

Marget. Go!—don't be fooliſh, Iſaac—get away!
Who loiters now?—I thought you could not ſtay!
There—that's enough! why Iſaac ſure you're mad!

Iſaac.

Iſaac. One more, my deareſt girl—

Marget. Be quiet, lad.
See both my cap and hair are rumpled o'er!
The tying of my beads is got before!

Iſaac. There let it ſtay, thy brighter bluſh to ſhow,
Which ſhames the cherry-colour'd ſilken bow.
Thy lips, which ſeem the ſcarlet's hue to ſteal,
Are ſweeter than the candy'd lemon peel.

Marget. Pray take theſe chickens for me to the cart;
Dear little creatures, how it grieves my heart
To ſee them t'yd, that never knew a crime,
And form'd ſo fine a flock at feeding time!

Iſaac. See, I have made thee up a flow'ry ſeat,
With full blown clover, cut at noon-tide heat.
Here's weather for thee, love, to go to town!
How many larks are warbling o'er the down!
The ſportive robins too, along the way,
Billing each other, riſe in wanton play.
While all along the vale, on either ſide,
Within the hedges dreſs'd in flowry pride,
The coupled finches make the coverts ring
With loves fond notes which they in tranſport ſing;
Or to their neſts the moſſy ſpoils convey,
While in the gloſſy rills their ſhadows play,
It makes me think of marriage—don't it you,
To ſee them fly and flutter two and two?

Marget. Why doſt thou wear that dirty frock to town?
The folk will jeer me, and my friends will frown.
Well! thou ſhalt by and bye be cleaner ſeen!

Iſaac.

Iſaac. When we are married, Marget, don't you mean?

If you deſir'd that happy day like me,
Thy kindred ſoon a whiter frock would ſee,
My anxious thoughts would ſoon be lull'd to reſt,
And gentle quiet lodge within my breaſt.
Then come, my fair one, bleſs my kind retreat;
My tufted daiſes long to kiſs thy feet,
My oaks in whiſp'ring ſighs lament thy ſtay,
And chiding riv'lets mourn thy long delay.
My bees forſake their hives, to thee they fly,
Or in thy abſence on the roſes die.
Come, then thou richeſt roſe-bud nature yields,
And charm my vagrants to their native fields.
Gay to thy wiſh, my ſhrub-dreſs'd cottage glows,
With lilachs, woodbines, and the bluſhing roſe.
The ſoft-fring'd pinks before my threſhold bloom,
And cooling breezes waft a rich perfume.
In knots of box, and figur'd beds of bone,
A thouſand tulips now are finely blown.
Let then thy hand its flowry ſkill diſplay,
To deck my hearth, and make my windows gay.
Ah! come and hear the muſic of the rills;
Their tuneful murmurs down the ſtony hills.
Theſe ſoft tranſparent waters ſweet and cool,
O'er ſhining pebbles haſten to my pool,
Whoſe chryſtal boſom, undiſturb'd with foam,
Reflects the ſhadow of my peaceful home.
There, pleas'd with thee, my ducks in idle freaks,
Will deck the dancing ſhades with ſilver ſtreaks.

My

My cattle there from paſture come to drink;
There wait the milker's hand beſide the brink.
Ah! when wilt thou on my delightful green,
At early morn, and ev'ning cloſe, be ſeen
To drain the ſwelling udders of my kine,
And join my dear, thy pleaſing taſks with mine?

Marget. Before the green-dreſs'd hazel changes pale,
And nimble ſquirrels nut along the dale:
Before thy apples with red ſpeckles ſhine,
Or purple cluſters ripen on the vine:
Before thy favourite lime begins to fade,
Or ſweating reapers ſeek the cooling ſhade:
Iſaac ſhall ſee me coming to his bow'r,
Not to return again at ev'ning hour.

Iſaac. Oh! happy time!—how pleaſing will it be,
To gather in the ripen'd grain with thee!
When noontide heats the reapers ſtrength invade,
With thee to ſeek the cool refreſhing ſhade;
When breezes learn to whiſper Marget's vows,
And bear them gladly thro' the waving boughs;
'Twill make me truly happy, truly bleſt,
With thee to labour, and with the to reſt.

Marget. But when the labours of that month are o'er,
My lap I'll ſpread to catch thy orchard's ſtore;
A pleaſing taſk—when days, nor hot nor cold,
Adorn the juicy pippin's rind with gold.
When from the chimney tops, at op'ning day,
The playful ſwallows ſing a parting lay;

Gath'ring

Gath'ring in flocks to croſs the wat'ry main,
'Till flow'ry April brings them back again.

Iſaac. For thee the preſs with apple juice ſhall foam
For thee the bees ſhall quit their honey-comb!
For thee the elder's purple fruits ſhall grow!
For thee the pails with cream ſhall overflow!

But ſee yon teams returning from the town,
Winding the chalky wheel-ruts o'er the down:
We now muſt haſte: for if we longer ſtay,
They'll meet us ere we leave the narrow way.

THE BLESSINGS
ATTENDANT UPON
HOPE.

HOPE ſheds on all its univerſal ray,
A moon by night, a genial ſun by day;
Pours its rich cordial on the fainting breaſt,
And ſoftly rocks the ſick'ning ſoul to reſt.
Hope gently lulls inquietude to peace,
Bids all the ſtorms of boiſt'rous paſſion ceaſe;
Unaw'd by terror, undiſmay'd by fear,
Beams a ſweet ſmile for ev'ry falling tear;
In early youth it kindles young deſire,
Feeds the fond flame, and ventilates the fire.
Such are the joys that flatt'ring hope attend,
O may ſuch welcome joys my days befriend!
I turn to diff'rent ſcenes my diſmal view,
To ſcenes where ſorrow wears her deepeſt hue:
Where lab'ring life in ling'ring pain declines;
Where horror ſhudders, and where anguiſh pines;

But

But ſure as tears from ſuff'ring ſorrow glide,
Hope ſhines reflected in the cryſtal tide,
With throbbing pangs the ſtifling torments bore,
But patient hope gave vent to ev'ry pore:
Firm, unappall'd, unſhaken, clear, ſerene,
Hope ſhall ſurvive the melancholy ſcene;
In other orbs inſpire the ſacred ſigh,
And point the paſſage in a brighter ſky.
Hope to the ſolitudes of ſorrow flees,
Swift as the blaſt, refreſhing as the breeze.
The ſtaff of hope ſupports the tott'ring ſage,
The laſt beſt comfort of declining age.
But for one moment let my numbers flow,
E'en that's too long for inexpreſſive woe.
Hope clears the proſpect, and thro' diſtant years
Opes a fair viſto in this vale of tears.
For her alone I pen this humble lay,
Heedleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay;
To hope alone theſe artleſs ſtrains belong,
Who fir'd the poet well deſerves the ſong.

THE

THE

ATHEIST.

A fatal Story addreſſed to all Freethinkers.

The fool hath ſaid in his heart there is no God.

JACK Freewill was a man of parts,
Vers'd in the ſciences and arts,
And in the hey-day of his youth,
Set out a journey after truth;
Yet how it was I cannot ſay,
But he, poor lad, miſtook his way;
He took companion of his ſide,
One Hobbs, a lame, and ſightleſs guide.
Soon after Toland join'd his train,
And Woolſton next came on amain.
From theſe and others much the ſame,
(Who daily from all nations came)
He found, in ſpite of Pope's ſweet ſong,
That nought was right, but all was wrong.
Religion was a trick—a bubble
Form'd to give honeſt people trouble;

That

That heav'n and hell was all a joke,
Made of enthuſiaſtic ſmoke,
To fright poor laymen, that each prieſt
Might thence enjoy a glorious feaſt.
But he would not be bubbl'd ſo,
And that he ſoon would let them know.
He did; he'd laugh, and drink, and whore,
Turn decency quite out of door;
Repeat moſt horrid oaths and lies,
Inventing monſtrous blaſphemies;
Pour out ſuch language to the ear,
Would make a devil ſtart to hear.

At length debauches brought diſeaſe,
He takes his bed in hopes of eaſe;
But this alas! was all in vain,
A fever ſoon augments his pain.
He ſtrives, but cannot ſleep a wink,
And now he juſt begins to think
That he had liv'd a wicked way,
And wou'd, but ah! he dare not pray:
Fear ſhakes the bed, a voice he hears,
The dev'l is now upon the ſtairs:
The raven croaks, the candle's blue,
The death-watch ticks—What ſhall I do?
The nurſe came in—they're here! he cry'd,
And ſunk beneath the cloaths and dy'd.

In vain the nurſe or doctor's care,
He fell a ſacrifice to fear.
He who had heav'n and hell defy'd,
By his own guilty conſcience dy'd.

A SOLILOQUY.

Written after Recovery from a dangerous Illneſs.

WHAT gain from life renew'd, if dying be
To fall aſleep, to ſleep eternally?
While ſtill in life unnumber'd woes remain
And each ſucceeding day, ſucceeding pain,
While wealth and power in vain their aid ſupply
And rich and poor alike are doom'd to die;
Happier the ſooner, who from ſorrows reſt
Releas'd from care and in thy ſlumbers bleſt.
But if beyond this dark terrene there lies
A purer world and more refulgent ſkies,
Of joys immortal the divine abode,
Where raptur'd ſeraphs view th'Almighty God:
What cruel power reſtrain'd thy freezing hand
O Death! and ſnatch'd me from that happy land.
Or was it yet too ſoon, and muſt I bear
Encreaſing ills and trials more ſevere,
Thro' rougher paths to thoſe glad regions riſe,
And win by harder ſtrife the glorious prize!
Be then Supreme, thy righteous will obey'd
Lo! in the duſt my proſtrate ſoul is laid

For

For all the various turns of mortal fate,
And life and death, on thy decrees await.
Thou canſt with eaſe confound the proud and vain,
Blaſt all their hopes and their fond ſchemes reſtrain.
Thou canſt with eaſe the meek and humble raiſe,
To heights of fame the world's diſtinguiſh'd gaze;
And o'er the ſorrowing ſoul ſweet peace diſplay
Her balmy wings, and chear the lonely way.
But, oh! forgive the weakneſs of our heart,
Still to our aid thy pow'rful grace impart,
Then tho' no bloſſom makes the vallies ſmile,
Nor golden crops reward the peaſant's toil,
Nor whitening fleeces crown the hills around,
Nor lowing herds ſhall in the ſtall be found,
Yet ſhall my ſoul in thy ſalvation truſt
O Thou for ever merciful and juſt!

ALLEGORICAL

ALEGORICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

SEASONS.

EACH ſeaſon can ſome joy impart:
In youth's fair *Spring* we find,
Temptation's pleaſures charm the heart,
And flatt'ring dreams the mind.

Then *Summer* brings maturer days,
That teach the mind to ſoar;
And ripen'd judgement juſtly weighs
What fancy form'd before.

Next comes the mild reflecting hour,
On life's declining ſtage!
And *Autumn* rules, with placid pow'r
To calm the cares of age.

From *Winter* too, with ſtorms oppreſt,
Subſtantial joys ariſe,
Devotion warms the frozen breaſt,
And lifts it to the ſkies.

THE

POOR MAN's PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXVI.

Addreſſed to the EARL *of* CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of ſtate,
The counſels lab'ring in thy patriot ſoul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expects her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole:
O Chatham! nurs'd in ancient virtue's lore,
To theſe ſad ſtrains incline a fav'ring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer!

Ah, me! how bleſs'd was once a peaſant's life!
No lawleſs paſſion ſwell'd my even breaſt:
Far from the ſtormy waves of civil ſtrife,
Sound were my ſlumbers, and my heart at reſt.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleaſures rov'd,
But taught by Nature, and by choice, to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom beſt I lov'd,
With her I ſtaid my heart, with her my bed.

To

To gild her worth, I aſk'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleaſure's hour,
The fame fond huſband, father, brother, friend.

And ſhe, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening ſtreak'd the weſtern ſky,
Look'd tow'rds the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro' the beech-wood caſt an anxious eye:

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With ſavoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From ſuch plain food as Nature could afford,
Ere ſimple Nature was debauch'd by Art;

While I, contented with my homely chear,
Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
And oft, with pleas'd attention, ſat to hear
The little hiſt'ry of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the ſcene! On the cold ſtones
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale Famine ſits, and counts her naked bones,
Still ſighs for food, ſtill pines with vain deſire.

My faithful wife with ever ſtreaming eyes,
Hangs on my boſom her dejected head:
My helpleſs infants raiſe their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honeſt love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie:
Three tedious days with pinching want he ſtrove,
The fourth, I ſaw the helpleſs cherub die.

Nor long ſhall ye remain. With viſage ſour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I paſs'd a day
In riot's orgies, or in idle eaſe;
Ne'er have I ſacrific'd to ſport and play,
Or wiſh'd a pamper'd appetite to pleaſe.

Hard was my fate, and conſtant was my toil;
Still with the morning's orient light I roſe,
Fell'd the ſtout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the ſun, in dark December froze.

Is it that nature with a niggard hand
Withholds her gifts from thoſe once-favour'd plains?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent dearth and famine to her labouring ſwains?

Ah, no! yon hill, where daily ſweats my brow,
A thouſand flocks, a thouſand hills adorn;
Yon field, where late I blithſome drove the plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with waving corn.

But

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd ſoil
In autumn's heat the yellow harveſts riſe,
If artificial want eludes my toil,
Untaſted plenty wounds my craving eyes?

What profit, that at diſtance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant ſmoke aſcend,
If ſtill the griping cormorants withhold
The fruits which rain and genial ſeaſons ſend?

If thoſe fell vipers of the public weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If ſtill the curſe of penury we feel,
And in the midſt of plenty pine away?

In every port the veſſel rides ſecure,
That wafts our harveſt to a foreign ſhore:
While we the pangs of preſſing want endure,
The ſons of ſtrangers riot on our ſtore.

O generous Chatham! ſtop thoſe fatal ſails,
Once more with out-ſtretch'd arm thy Britons ſave;
Th'unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
O ſtop them, ere they ſtem Italia's wave!

From thee alone I hope for inſtant aid,
'Tis thou alone canſt ſave my children's breath;
O deem not little of our cruel meed!
O haſte to help us! for delay is death.

So

So may not ſpleen nor envy blaſt thy name,
Nor voice prophane thy patriot acts deride;
Still may'ſt thou ſtand the firſt in honeſt fame,
Unſtung by folly, vanity, or pride!

So may the languid limbs with ſtrength be brac'd,
And glowing health ſupport thine active ſoul;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bid'ſt Britannia's thunder roll.

Then 'Joy to thee, and to thy children peace,'
The grateful hind ſhall drink from Plenty's horn:
And while they ſhare the cultur'd land's increaſe,
The poor ſhall bleſs the day when thou waſt born.

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FINIS.